The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1923 No. 3018

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

WE may tire of "inspired news" but some sorts of inspiration are better than others and the recent news that has come out of that source of all true inspiration, the State Department at Washington, has obviously been aimed at the rapid conversion of the American people to the idea of the recognition of Mexico. The Government announces the appointment of a commission to discover, in cooperation with a Mexican commission, bases of "mutual understanding" between the two countries. Simultaneously we are told that President Obregon is now showing an admirable tendency to protect foreign property-holders just as faithfully as other governments protect them. We are told that President Obregon has "attracted attention" by his earnest efforts to restrain the activities of "extreme agrarians, Socialists, and Reds" and has brought pressure on the more radical governors of states. We are told various other things, all calculated to explain any otherwise inexplicable amiability or fairness toward Mexico exhibited by our Government. We think the apologists of the State Department protest unnecessarily. The American people are willing to be decent without excuse; they are glad that their Government is ready to recognize a friendly neighbor. The high standing of our commissioners—a former Ambassador to Japan and a former Secretary of the Interior—shows that the Administration intends its action seriously.

IN the name of self-respect and common political honesty, how can Charles E. Hughes and Herbert Hoover remain in Mr. Harding's Cabinet? They were of the thirty-one Republicans who signed their names to an appeal to advocates of the League of Nations to vote for Mr. Harding as the surest way of getting the United States into the League. Now Mr. Harding comes out again most positively on the subject, declaring that we shall not enter the League by the front, back, side, or cellar door, that the question has been passed upon and adjudicated by the Executive, the Congress, and the electorate, and that it is forever closed. There is no mention even of the once-promised association of nations, merely the most flat-footed assertions that, so far as the Harding Administration is concerned, the League question is settled. This leaves Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes, it seems to us, much in the position of confidence men who buncoed certain people into voting for Mr. Harding upon bogus pretensions. Surely decency dictates their prompt retirement with the best excuses they can possibly make? But the old Cabinet guard never resigns or retires. And what makes Mr. Hughes's position the more amazing is that he is now busily engaged in explaining that adhesion to the world court will *not* put us into the very League he told the country we would surely enter if Mr. Harding won.

INSPECTOR GOTTFRIED is a German official at Ludwigshafen. He was ordered by a French officer to send a telegram reporting a runaway train. He refused, giving as justification the order of his Government not to obey French officers. The train was derailed. No one was hurt, but a French court-martial has just sentenced Gottfried to *twenty years* imprisonment at hard labor. One can imagine the sympathy our papers would have had for Gottfried if he had been a Belgian in 1914 or 1915. Newspapers carry brief dispatches—"Passive Resistance Intensified." The personal dramas behind the phrase are of epic quality but we are too dulled by war emotions to comprehend. When ten thousand families are expelled because their wage-earners obey the orders of their own distant Government rather than of the foreign soldiery at their doors it is heroic tragedy to every one of them. Six or eight years ago the details of such personal dramas filled our newspapers and thrilled their readers. The Ruhr is daily repeating the story of Belgium, the age-old history of military occupation—high-handed officers, assaults on girls, deportations, imprisonments, twenty-year sentences—but we are too dulled to listen. After all, these are "only Germans."

DE VALERA may still be free, but with Liam Lynch dead and Dan Breen captured the heart of the military resistance to the Free State is gone. Republicanism is of course not dead—the opposition to Republicanism justified itself only by the belief that a Republic now would mean war with England. *The Nation* believed, when the Free State treaty was signed, that it was better to accept it for the time than to risk more war. We deplored the resort to arms of the militant minority, which apparently

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cared little whether it expressed the will of the majority in Ireland and was ready in religious devotion to its ideal of freedom to impose its will by any means. Nevertheless, we respected the selflessness of the Republicans; we have never condoned the brutal methods of repression adopted by the Free State or the violence of the Republicans. The Free State's executions leave a stain that will be very hard to wipe out. Now it faces a new era and friends of Ireland must hope that it will forgive if it cannot forget, and resolutely turn its face to its economic task. It cannot afford to maintain its army of 30,000 men, or to support 15,000 Republican prisoners in jail. There is an opportunity, slight though the hope may be, for a rebirth of the spirit that for a few years turned the eyes of the world upon Ireland in admiration and good-will.

IS Mussolini splitting the Catholic Party in Italy, as the newspapers say, or are the Catholics splitting Mussolini's support? He has demanded and accepted the resignations of the four Catholic Party members. They were willing to work with him, but he refused to have them unless their party would adopt resolutions of 100 per cent Mussolinism —and the four job-holders could not persuade their party to go as far as he insisted. Mussolini has conscientiously played up to the Vatican but the Catholic Party has not been placated to the extent of accepting his program for electoral "reform." Despite Mussolini's expressed contempt for democracy he is very eager to have an election as soon as he can arrange the laws so as to guarantee an electoral victory for himself. The split in the Cabinet bodes ill for his popularity. Mussolini may learn that Italy, quick to love, is also quick to hate; and that maintenance of "order" is not enough to hold the favor of a quick-tempered people.

LUSKISM undone—that is the splendid news that has been flashed from Albany all over the country, even to darkest California. The vicious laws which were passed in the aftermath of the war hysteria to control the minds and consciences of New York teachers and make hypocrites of them, which gave a few petty bureaucrats control over the private schools of the State for the purpose of persecuting the Socialist ones, have been repealed by the Democratic members of the New York Legislature, with the aid of some sane and unbiased Republicans. For this Governor Smith deserves high credit. He risked abuse and unpopularity cheerfully because he knew that these laws struck mighty blows at personal liberty and fundamental American principles. The teachers of New York will not forget this service, nor the valiant campaign waged by their own Teachers' Union. This repeal is some consolation for the failure to revoke the syndicalist laws in Western States and the continuing efforts to censor books.

PRESIDENT WALLACE WALTER ATWOOD of Clark University is at it again. Every time his action is criticized Mr. Atwood attempts to silence his critics by announcing that his life has been threatened by the enemies of civilization. He did so a year ago when he was criticized for stopping a meeting at which Scott Nearing was explaining that academic freedom was not all that it might be. He confided to an audience the other day that he was "a marked man" because he "has dared to stand in protest" against the teachings of dangerous isms. So far as we have noticed, his recent protest has consisted of an apologetic explanation that while he was not responsible for the action of the Clark University librarian in stopping the library's subscriptions to *The Nation*, the *Survey*, and certain other magazines, he approved it. Somehow that does not impress us as an outstanding example of physical or moral courage. A group of Clark graduates has sent *The Nation* a check for a new subscription for the library; we shall be interested to see how the stalwart Dr. Atwood reacts to this new attack. Meanwhile Clark University, which under President G. Stanley Hall won world fame, is degenerating into a football college for the sons of the chambers of commerce. The exodus of its distinguished professors began soon after Mr. Atwood's arrival; it is continuing. Three more members of the faculty, including that exceptionally able historian, Harry Elmer Barnes, have just announced their resignations. A university whose president is afraid of truth wherever it may be found cannot survive as a university; the buildings may stand and the name remain, but the soul of the old Clark University is fleeing.

IT is a splendid and fitting memorial which Mrs. Henry P. Davison has established for her husband in setting up a trust to enable six undergraduate Englishmen to spend from one to two years at Harvard, Princeton, or Yale. Such arrangements as this and the Rhodes scholarships constitute one of the surest ways of securing international amity in these days of fear and suspicion. The object of the fund, "to aid in fostering good-will between the United States and Great Britain, and recognizing that mutual understanding is of the essence of such good-will," is to be achieved, the donor hopes, by enabling the English youths "to know what America really is." But why stop in getting acquainted with America at her Eastern institutions? We should like to see the holders of the Davison scholarships scattered through the universities of the West and the South as well as of the Northeast.

IN view of the fact that one of the most honorable distinctions of the French is their freedom from race prejudice, the action of the American committee for the art school at Fontainebleau in refusing a scholarship to a talented Negro girl, Augusta Savage, solely because of her color strikes us as particularly narrow—all the more so because one of the members of the committee is a Spanish Jew, who ought to be above such bigotry. This gentleman is reported as saying that the only reason Miss Savage was deprived of the opportunity for foreign study was that some of her fellow-students were Southern girls who would have to sail on the ship with her and later work in the same ateliers. That is the current American way: Do not try to combat or overcome a senseless or wicked prejudice, as Harvard has just done to its honor, but yield to it and see it grow by leaps and bounds, for it feeds upon nothing so much as success. We suppose that the committee that is guilty of this outrage in the name of art, Americanism, and justice, will feel it unfair to be likened to the mob at Columbia, Missouri, which lynched a Negro in the presence of a crowd, said to include university students, of both sexes (despite the appeals of the father of the girl supposedly attacked); but the spirit of the two happenings is the same. Both these sets of lynchers lay down the law that there are no rights which cannot be taken away from a person whose skin is black.

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YOUTH and age are vying with each other for honors in the art world. Marsue Burrows, a New York girl only fifteen years of age, has astounded Paris by winning her way into this year's Salon with two miniatures, one of her mother and one of a peasant woman. Although a student for only a year past at Julian's Academy, Miss Burrows was urged by her admiring teachers to try for the Salon, with the double success recorded, over which Americans may well rejoice. Here is a promise so unusual that lovers of art will follow Miss Burrows with the interest which every prodigy stirs. But youth is not to carry off all the laurels. In London Mrs. Barnett, widow of Canon Barnett, has begun to paint in oil at seventy-two; her first picture ready for exhibition has been hung by the Royal Academy. She had, it is true, worked previously in water colors, but these cases suggest how great is the need to open up avenues of study for all in whom talent or genius finds asylum.

ZAGLUL PASHA, the Egyptian leader, has been freed from imprisonment at Gibraltar. He is now in France, not yet permitted to return to Egypt. He urged delegations of Egyptian students who met him at Marseilles to think only of the other patriots exiled and imprisoned by the British military for the crime of patriotism. For eight years now the British forces have imposed martial law upon his people; although the British Government declared Egypt independent on February 28, 1922, martial law continues. Somebody has, however, ordered the release of Osman Digna, the Sudanese lieutenant of the Mahdi, after twenty-three years of imprisonment for trying to free the Sudan of the hated white invaders. He was with the Mahdi when Khartum fell and Gordon was killed; his men broke the square formed at Tamai in the early morning hours of March 13, 1884, by a British force striving to relieve Khartum. Undeterred by rifle fire these spear-armed Sudanese killed Colonel Frederick Burnaby, the veteran war correspondent, and officers who were well within the square, a corner of which they crumpled up. It was this attack which inspired Kipling to write:

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big, black, boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

Osman Digna is now nearly 100 years of age, so he is allowed to leave jail to die in freedom—not, we hope, until he has seen the withdrawal of the last vestige of English control over Egypt and the Sudan.

SO the *Commoner* has suspended after twenty-two years as a political weekly. William Jennings Bryan is too busy combating Darwinism, and his brother, Charles W. Bryan, its manager, is too busy as Governor of Nebraska, to carry the paper on. Well, we are sorry to see the *Commoner* stop, not because we ever deemed it very profound or always sound, but because it decreases the number of independent journals bearing the marks of personality. There are far too few in this vast country. *La Follette's Weekly*, modeled after the *Commoner*, wields a most useful influence—which cannot often be said of Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. *Ed Howe's Monthly* is ever sprightly and amusing. But nothing has taken the place of *Reedy's Mirror*. Instead of the number of such periodicals decreasing it would be well for the country if a new one were announced every week. For they do afford some leadership and help to spread the truth as they see it and to offset in some degree the lying and misrepresentation of the daily press. The loss of public confidence in the dailies has led, we notice with pleasure, to the formation of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, who devoted their first session to a discussion of the ethical standards of the press.

IN spite of the Ruhr and the high price of sugar, the world has been having a pretty good time lately. There lives no misanthrope so morose that he will not pause in his most hurried walk to watch any bridal couple emerge from any church and rumble away in Ford or Rolls-Royce to live happily ever after. Anybody's wedding is everybody's celebration, and when there is a royal marriage in Italy and right after it another in England, and when a king's son picks a commoner and a mere count wins an Italian princess (a pugilist friend of ours insists she "took the count")—why, then, this becomes the best of all possible worlds. We have read the cable dispatches yard upon yard. We have no sympathy with the New York *Call*, which dismissed the ceremonies in London with a one-inch paragraph under a one-line caption, York Married; nor with the old fuddy-duddies who in place of the romance of the Princess Yolanda think the newspapers should have given us more European politics. More European politics be hanged! What a tired world wants is more royal weddings. We have no confidence in any scheme of government which hopes to make good on a purely rational basis, ignoring the color, the pageantry, and the sentiment upon which the people feed. Bread and circus was the Roman formula, but it was too coarse. Kings and queens may be out of fashion for everyday wear, but we recommend that the new democracy keep a few of them in its clothes-press, hauling them out in dismal, wintry months to cheer us with a royal wedding.

DOES nature, as in Oscar Wilde's old jest concerning the Turneresque sunsets, copy art, or do even artists of the second rank possess a creative vision less respected than it should be? Nothing in Mr. Elmer Rice's interesting play "The Adding Machine" was more adversely criticized than the story of his second murderer—that strange fellow who, after a life of the most touching filial devotion, suddenly murdered his mother without provocation and without motive. Well, that fellow appeared on April 26 on the front pages of our metropolitan press. His name is Joseph McGrath. His age is forty-two. Since the death of his father, twenty-five years ago, he has "lived happily in a cosy three-room flat on Horatio Street" with his mother. "Why don't you get a sweetheart?" the neighbors asked. "Mother is the only sweetheart I'll ever want," answered the devoted Joseph. Then, suddenly, one fine day there was a trivial disagreement and McGrath shot his mother through head and bosom and next sent a bullet through his own brain. Art is once more vindicated by life. And not only art, but also science, which is sometimes ill served by its more ignorant votaries. Call this tragedy a violent escape from a crippling Oedipus complex or not. The fact remains that human nature will be served, that its suppression, though it is called by noble and beautiful names, comes to disaster and destruction in the end. How many murders have such strange histories? Seek deep enough, says a modern poet, and you will find the victim guilty, not the murderer.

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Sowing the Wind in Turkey—the Chester Grant

So the Chester grant has been definitely signed, sealed, and delivered, and we are well embarked on another overseas imperialistic adventure, the outcome of which no man can foresee save that it is bound considerably to affect American foreign policy and to involve us in a waste of taxpayers' money even if we do not go to war over it. It is perfectly plain that if the Government of the United States accepts, as it apparently will, this grant as binding it to support the worthy concessionary, Admiral Chester, and his financial associates (as to whose identity there still remains much mystery) we shall be just as tied up with the progress of events in the Near East as if we had accepted the mandate over Armenia, or participated in the futile Lausanne conferences, or helped to occupy Constantinople, or otherwise busied ourselves with matters not our concern. In fact we shall be worse off than if we had merely made ourselves as a government responsible for a political venture in Armenia, for in addition to the smell of oil this concession bears the hallmark of every sort of dollar imperialism, and our government is quite as ready as any other, witness Vera Cruz, to shed the blood of innocent people in foreign countries in which its citizens have decided to invest.

This concession is about as far reaching as anything could well be. It includes the right to reconstruct Turkish ports, to build railways, develop mineral and oil lands and everything else the concessionaries can find to put their hands on. Not unnaturally this has led to violent protests from the French and the English, who claim that they had their feet in the trough first; that they have rights in the Mosul oil field superior to those which Admiral Chester has received. So the second meeting of the Lausanne Conference finds itself completely diverted from the original purposes of the gathering—a noble attempt on the part of the French and the English to deprive the Turks of as much of their victory in Anatolia as possible. Wild cries of rage have gone up because these benevolent philanthropists, bent upon preserving the Christian faith and scarified Europe from the threat of the Mohammedan invader, find themselves about to be deprived of some of their spoils in Turkey which they thought they had definitely appropriated. As a spectacle of just the kind of nauseating mercenary imperialism which has brought Europe to her present pass and is the surest incentive to fresh war, this second Lausanne Conference is as illuminating as any that could be conceived.

As for the Chester grant, its possessors are not backward in applying to it the usual cant and humbuggery which are always used to conceal the real meaning of such proceedings. This great concession is, we are told, to be used to bestow the blessings of Yankee life, manners, and morals upon poor benighted Turkey. Then, as if that were not sufficiently sanctimonious, the Admiral even assures us that American villages and cities will soon arise to beautify the landscape in the ceded territory. Perhaps this is really intended to make the Turks think how superior, after all, is their own type of architecture to that of Terre Haute or Keokuk—we cannot quite visualize New England church spires and those exquisite Concord colonial homes arising in Mosul alongside the oil wells. But it is surely adding insult to injury if we are going to have to read more of this hypocritical talk of benefiting civilization when it is all merely a cold-blooded speculation in the property of others by means of special privileges which the Angora Government ought not to bestow upon anybody, whether foreigners or Turks, and would not bestow if it were not in financial distress.

But what concerns us most is that our Government is plainly going to take the usual attitude of governments whose citizens invest their money in foreign countries well knowing that because of the unsettled conditions they are running a very great risk of losing all that they invest. "Unofficial" intimations make it plain that the State Department believes this venture to be quite in accord with "the principles of the open door and freedom for all comers" in the great game of grabbing all the world's oil supplies that are not yet taken. Hence, the concessionaries feel certain that American guns on American ships will back them up no matter what they do or how soon they get into trouble. Are not American destroyers being kept in various and sundry Turkish harbors for months on end merely for the purpose of protecting some American factories and warehouses that happen to be there? Our Government never raises the question whether such American enterprises abroad ought not to do their own policing; on the contrary, it spends the money of the taxpayers and uses for this purpose ships which are, we are told, quite too precious, and their officers quite too high-toned, to be used in chasing rum smugglers and in enforcing the Prohibition Amendment. In other words, the lesson of the decades that led to the war is again to be ignored in Washington. We, too, are going to have our fling abroad in the same old imperialistic way, just as France, England, Portugal, Spain, and the old Germany did. As we have protected our oil-well owners in Mexico by trying to browbeat the Mexican people, so we shall mix in the internal affairs of Turkey if need be.

The pity of it is that besides exposing us to the risks of international complications—we are already looked upon at Lausanne as allies of the Turks and general mischief-makers—we are still further lessening the value of the enlightened and admirable stand we took after the war when we declined any share in the spoils of the struggle. That was a moral example not only worthy of America, but of the utmost value to all mankind at this juncture of history. But here we are offsetting this excellent policy by encouraging citizens to embroil us and to obtain the right to exploit weaker nations while serving notice that American guns and American lives will stand behind the exploiters. The proper policy for our Government would be to notify Admiral Chester and his backers that if they go into this sort of thing they do so entirely at their own risk and that the United States Government does not propose to pursue the role of supporting them in anything that they may do, or to collect any debts for them, or to compel the Turkish Government to act at some future time as the concessionaries think they ought to. The Women's Peace Union is one of a number of bodies recently to come out against precisely this sort of economic imperialism. Every similar organization, and, first of all, our so-called patriotic societies, ought to take a similar position and to demand of Washington that the owners of the Chester grant be told they may go their own way at their own risk, and nobody else's, and that no government agency will pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them.

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PERIODICAL ROOM

The Next War

"THE next war"—it is easy to discuss it calmly in terms of Near Eastern intrigue and Western struggles for power, of French ambition, British suspicion, German revenge. In this issue of *The Nation* the next war is discussed in other terms. Through the collected facts of a man who is both an air pilot and a student of international law relating to the air we see the next war in terms of wholesale slaughter. We see battle lines blotted out, whole nations within the range of explosives of terrible power. We see populations standing helpless under a rain of deadly gases. In the past the imagination of H. G. Wells has made pictures of this sort of warfare seem plausible if slightly fantastic; the figures and expert observations of Mr. Royse—who knows the details of airplane construction, the mechanics of bombing, the latest inventions in destruction, and the air strength of the nations of the world—ring in our ears with the sound of unromantic truth. The next war may be fought for oil or steel or power or revenge, but it will be a war of blasted villages a thousand miles behind the front, of dead men and women and babies—a war of peoples, not merely of armies.

In his second article, to be printed next week, Mr. Royse seeks a way out of a world disaster such as this. Air armaments, he tells us, cannot be either limited or scrapped, unless the air itself is abandoned. Commercial aircraft can be almost instantly converted into war machines; today the great network of commercial air lines in Europe forms a reserve force ready to spring into active service at the first hint of war—France is ready now to fight the world in the air. Nor would the Powers agree to scrap a fighting machine which can be built up so rapidly and cheaply. A bombing plane with good aim can sink a dreadnought with hundreds of men—and the cost of the plane, as war machines go, is nothing. Battleships can harry coast lines and wage Gargantuan, clumsy fights at sea, but airplanes can terrorize whole countries and drive horror and demoralization into the heart of a people. It is little wonder that the Powers cling to their air forces through all "limitation" and that they subsidize at vast expense the ostensibly "commercial" companies running air lines across Europe.

Limitation is impossible; but Mr. Royse believes that international regulations regarding the use of aircraft offer a solution. He would make it internationally illegal to bomb from the air any civilian center, defended or undefended; make it illegal even to bomb supply depots or other military positions in towns or villages, since four out of five bombs dropped miss their mark and bring destruction to innocent people and defenseless property. Make this use of airplanes illegal, he says, and the horrors of the next war will at least be lessened. He admits that rules are disobeyed; but the outcry that was raised during the last war over rumors of dumdum bullets and shattered hospitals—even though the rumors may have been well founded—shows that such things can no longer occur as a mere matter of course without protest. If the bombing of towns behind the lines becomes something less than a commonplace of warfare, a regular routine, that much at least will have been gained.

Within the limits of a philosophy of desperation, this proposal may be the best that can be offered. Assuming the next war, it is well to attempt to limit the possibility of the extermination of peoples. But we cannot, quite so hopelessly, assume the next war. We are vividly aware of the chance of another general slaughter; we are all too conscious of the minor struggles which have filled all the years since the armistice; we see the open sores that cover the body of Europe, and the pressure of economic and political ambition that is driving the Western world toward collapse. But beyond these facts we see, too, the determination in the minds of millions of people that this collapse must be avoided. We must urge the outlawing of war if only to keep awake the conscience of the world and turn men's minds to the task of finding some way to peace. We *dare* not simply assume the inevitability of the next war and content ourselves with attempting to make it less deadly. Such an attitude would rather make it inevitable. We should take the appalling facts offered us by Mr. Royse and drive them into the consciousness of the world so that it may be aware of the fate in store for it. Then we should set to the heavy task of making the governments see with our eyes and abandon their reckless, desperate intrigues, and the economic philosophy behind them which means war in the future as it has meant war in the past.

The Minimum Wage—Future Steps

THE minimum wage is dead; long live the minimum wage! Undoubtedly this is the sentiment of believers in legislation for the protection of labor as they reflect upon the decision of the United States Supreme Court declaring unconstitutional the minimum-wage law of the District of Columbia. It is doubtful if the decision changed the opinion of a handful of persons in regard to the wisdom or justice of such legislation. The question, therefore, is not Shall we carry on, but How shall we carry on?

Among persons officially connected with the minimum-wage boards of various States there is a feeling that their laws should be enforced just as if nothing had happened. The Supreme Court's decision applies directly only to the District of Columbia, and State laws are unaffected until in each individual instance they are passed upon. It is probable that the compulsory clauses of all State laws will soon go into the discard, but some of the minimum-wage boards have certain powers of supervision, inquiry, and publicity that can be salvaged. In States like New York, where a movement for a minimum wage has begun, it is important, too, that the agitation be pressed vigorously, merely shifting the demand from one for a compulsory law to one for a statute like that of Massachusetts, under which a board is authorized to determine minimum wages for women in various industries and to publish the names of employers who fail to comply.

Authority to do more must, of course, be the further goal of all believers in the protection and improvement of the growing mass of industrial workers who, helpless under modern industrial conditions, view the Supreme Court's assertion of their right to freedom of contract as in reality permission to their employers to force them to the lowest wages which unemployment and competition make possible. The only road to a compulsory minimum wage lies through amendment of our Federal Constitution, and much as we regret the alteration of that instrument in order to validate particular laws we think the present situation justifies it

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and are glad to learn that Governor Hart of Washington is calling a conference of the chief executives of other States to determine a procedure. If an amendment is formulated, it may be possible to include in it authority for Federal child-labor legislation to replace the law recently invalidated by the Supreme Court. Indeed, it may be desirable to go further and put before the people an amendment modifying the right of free contract as now set forth in the Constitution. The protection of that right was undoubtedly important 134 years ago, but the provisions for that purpose have within recent years been the great stumbling-block for social and labor legislation in the United States.

Finally, and most important, the widespread dissatisfaction over the way in which the opinion of one man on the Supreme Court has been allowed to nullify what is probably the majority sentiment of the whole United States should be utilized in starting a definite campaign to take away political powers from our courts—that is, the right to unmake, and thus indirectly to make, our laws. The United States stands alone among the great countries of the world in permitting the acts of its legislatures to be overthrown by its courts. The separation between legislative and judicial functions, so much stressed by the founders of our Constitution, has in fact been lost, and our courts (rightly removed from popular control) have reached the unintended and intolerable position of deciding what a supposedly free electorate may do.

In order to invalidate a law of Congress Senator Fess proposes that a two-thirds vote of the Supreme Court be required. Senator Borah wants agreement among at least seven of the nine judges, while Representative Frear asks a unanimous decision. Senator La Follette would give Congress the power to overrule the Supreme Court by repassing a law after an adverse decision. None of these schemes gets to the root of the evil, but one or another of them may be the best we can get as a transitional step. Somehow we must restrict our courts to judicial functions.

The American Note

THE Fascist cry of "discipline and hierarchy" versus liberty and spontaneity has found both loud and muffled echoes among us. The name of liberty is still, a mere tradition, upon many lips. But the torch burns low. An evil sophistication tries to identify liberty with the liberty of the sovereign state; let the state be secure and mighty, let the citizen be enslaved. Prohibitions are massed upon prohibitions, censorships upon censorships. The universal darkness of Pope's famous passage is fast coming upon us. In this situation Mr. Stuart Sherman counsels us to cultivate our national past. We shall follow his counsel. Perhaps we shall find in that national past words and voices that he and others of a like temper no longer choose to hear.

That the nation was founded upon the right of revolution is a commonplace. Like many sacred commonplaces it has lost the sting and vitality of truths apparently new. People read the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Second Inaugural and hear only well-sounding words. It is not a commonplace that when the nation found its spiritual selfhood, when American voices first proclaimed things American, the doctrine of revolution was transferred from politics to manners and morals, from the affairs of the marketplace and the senate to those of the mind and the sovereign will. "I am ashamed to think," wrote Emerson, "how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions." "Institutions," he declared, "are not aboriginal," and "the law is only a memorandum." With the serenest irony he brushed aside those who believe "that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed upon a people, if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law."

Schoolmasters no doubt interpret this as idealistic verbiage. But Emerson went to the last root of this matter. He is as practical a counselor as Jesus. "I do not wish to expiate but to live." And in what manner did he conceive the living of a free, a noble, an American life? "Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . . What I must do is all that concerns me; not what people think." There is nothing here about team-work, nothing about rotarianism, nothing about a subservience of poet, seer, or any free man to a Mr. Sumner or a Justice Ford or to a recruiting officer of either the body or the mind.

In Europe, where people have the habit of cultivating their national past, they read Whitman when they desire to be instructed concerning America. They read: "Resist much, obey little"; they read: "I refuse putting from me what I really am"; they read: "I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turned to beautiful results," and also: "Do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else." They read these things and call America fortunate, as Goethe did so long ago, because she has moldy citadels neither in her cities nor in her minds but can venture forth upon the great experiment of making human life, freed from an outgrown past, conform to reason and to the spontaneous nature of the race alone.

The new patriots of criticism are angry at our new poets and novelists. What are these writers doing but echoing creatively that tremendous saying of Thoreau: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation." And Thoreau's way out of this land of desperation was precisely the way out to which our insurgent novelists point. "Man's capacities have never been measured; nor can we judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried." He did not mean vain inventions. He meant experimenting with life "through obedience to the laws of one's being." "The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world—how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity." Here again is the American concept of freedom, of independence, which Whitman defined as "freedom from all laws or bonds except those of one's own being controlled by the universal ones."

We have a national past to cultivate, a past dedicated to freedom, to the right of revolution, to the creative life in its widest and fullest sense. We have an American "note," clear, noble, vibrant, the note of all hope for men. That note is in Emerson's "It is the whipper who is whipped, and the tyrant who is undone"; it is in Whitman's "All truths wait in all things"; it is in Thoreau's "The universe is wider than our view of it," a saying matchless but for Goethe's "The world-spirit is more tolerant than we think." Let us dwell upon that note. It will make life more friendly and more beautiful; it will make controversy less acrimonious; it may even Americanize the ignorant and stubborn alien where both the command: "Conform or get out!" and Mr. Brander Matthews's "Poems of American Patriotism" have so dismally failed.

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The Next War in the Air

By M. W. ROYSE

1. The Road to Universal Slaughter

MORE than a year has passed since the Powers at the Washington Conference agreed to limit battleship tonnage, yet in spite of that, and in spite of Europe's threatening economic collapse, competition for naval strength has never ceased for a moment. There has been merely a shifting of interest to the more modern systems of naval warfare—to the auxiliary craft, including the light cruiser, the submarine, and aircraft. The militant attitude of France at the Washington Conference toward submarine restrictions, and the rather passive acceptance by most of the European states of the new prohibition on poison-gas warfare, are a fair indication of the general feeling in Europe. European states will not readily give up their twentieth-century weapons, and as long as they see in aircraft a war machine of unlimited possibilities they are not likely to accept any limitation on "tonnage" or numbers of aircraft.

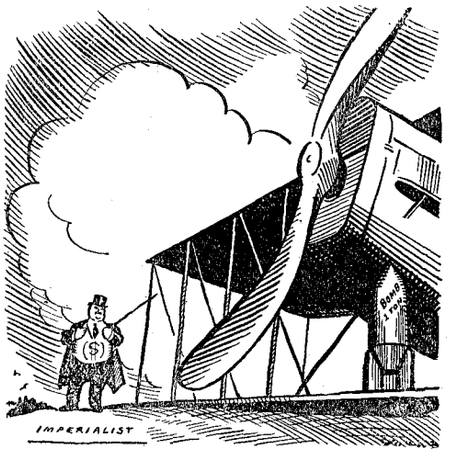
The Angel of Death

The airplane is the outstanding weapon of today. Its military potentialities are beyond calculation. No one dares prophesy the limitations or capacities of a 1943-model airplane. Limited by neither land nor sea, the present-day airplane is an amphibious weapon of war—bombing battleships at sea or towns a thousand miles inland, attacking troops in the field or concentration camps five hundred miles behind the front-line trenches, raiding supply ships and supply trains, and generally demoralizing action on both sea and land.

Furthermore, the present-day airplane is not a commercial machine. Cost of operation, equipment, and maintenance are still far too high for commercial use. No airplane transportation company not subsidized by its government has ever been able to produce figures showing a net profit. And that is the reason for the complete absence today in the United States of any regularly scheduled airplane service. Rather than a commercial machine today the airplane is a war machine, recognized by all states as a vital part of their military establishments, and assisted, as such—even under the guise of commerce—in every conceivable way.

The supreme importance of aircraft in warfare can be somewhat appreciated from the gigantic bombing operations put into force toward the close of the late war. The American slogan of 1917—"Ten-thousand planes bombing Germany off the face of the earth"—was partly realized by the British in the fall of 1918. Official figures show what England was about to let loose upon Germany had the war lasted another six months. General Haig's plans were just nearing completion, increasing the British air forces from eighty-six squadrons, with only ten long-distance bombing squadrons, to 179 squadrons with sixty-six long-distance bombing squadrons. This change of air tactics, from short-distance front-line work to long-distance bombing, was put into practice only at the very end of the war, but today it forms the chief element in air operations against an enemy. Long-distance raids into the very heart of the enemy country, extending five hundred miles or more beyond the actual battlefields, will be carried out ostensibly against military establishments, but actually will spread destruction everywhere. Berlin, Liverpool, Lyons, Vienna, Rome, and hundreds of other cities heretofore considered immune from attack, will become objects of more attacks than will front-line centers. By 1918 bombing had become so established a part of warfare that England formed its Independent Air Force, specializing in long-distance raids against centers of supply for the German armies. An official British statement runs as follows:

> This program (for 1918) provided for a total of 240 squadrons all told. The coming of the armistice interrupted the fulfilment of these large plans, and saved the world from a carnival of destruction.



His New Toy

The development of aeronautics since the war has been even greater than during the four years of the war itself. The destructive power of aircraft has increased until today airplanes can carry tons of bombs for hundreds of miles. Admiral Sims in a recent speech said that our Ordnance Department is now constructing a ten-ton bomb, which is over twice as large as the huge bomb experimented with last year, and ten times as large as the largest bomb used in the war. Speed and range of aircraft have nearly doubled in the last five years. Last September an American military aviator made a one-stop flight from Jacksonville, Florida, to San Diego, California, a distance of 2,275 miles in twenty-one hours, and following this two Americans made a non-stop flight of over two thousand miles. This latter flight was the equivalent of a thousand-mile non-stop bombing trip. An altitude of approximately 40,000 feet has been reached. An American military aviator has

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flown 243 miles an hour, while another American has flown over a short course at the rate of 248 miles an hour. During the war 140 miles an hour was top speed; today many makes of airplanes can average 200 miles an hour. Endurance has developed to a degree where two Americans recently spent over thirty-six hours in the air before landing. Size and weight-carrying capacities have greatly increased, France leading in huge multi-motored air-liners which can be quickly rebuilt into bombing planes. Altogether the airplane of today is a vastly better fighting machine than the war plane of 1918, far greater in speed, endurance, carrying capacity, climbing capacity, and with more positive-acting motors. And this progress has been eagerly sought and keenly appreciated by the Powers. The moving forces in this tremendous development have been the various governments; some states having continued to support a huge air program in spite of empty treasuries and depreciated currencies.

France, with long coast lines on three seas and with huge colonies in Africa and Asia, has nevertheless scrapped her pre-war battleship program. Instead she is concentrating her efforts on auxiliary craft, particularly aircraft. With her coasts protected by mine fields and patrolled by swift light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, France can defy any fleet of any size. Supported by squadrons of aircraft her coasts become impregnable, and equipped with its full quota of airplane carriers and long-range submarines, France could carry war out over the high seas. Many high-ranking naval officials assert that blockades will be made impossible through the use of submarines and aircraft. France holds an air strength greater than that of all Europe combined. The strength of her 140 active-service squadrons, totaling 1,160 machines, is nearly four times that of the total British air strength. With her powerful military reserve of 2,800 machines and her civil reserve of 1,100 machines, France increases her actual air strength to eight times that of Great Britain. The French Air Service in 1922 contained a little over 3,000 flying men, and could call twice that number to the colors. Her aircraft industry is the largest and most active in the world. American airplane manufacturers are said to have turned out 300 machines last year compared with 3,300 machines turned out in the first eleven months of last year by French companies. Should war ever come, France would be instantly prepared for a huge air offensive, and no one knows this better than France.

Perhaps the most important of France's aerial activities is the radial system of commercial air lines built up during the last four years through governmental aid. Paris today is connected by air line with all the strategic points on her borders. Commercial lines in operation run from France to England, Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. Other lines run west to Cherbourg, Havre, Nantes, Bordeaux, Barcelona (Spain), and on to Casablanca on the western coast of Africa. The third trunk line runs south to Marseilles and the Mediterranean, and her eastern lines run to Strasbourg, Prague, Warsaw, Vienna, and on to Constantinople. Germany's wrecked ambition for through transit to the Dardanelles has thus been achieved by France via the air. Air lines bring France into close touch with her allies in Central Europe. Prague is only six hours away from Paris by air line, Warsaw only nine—and regardless of costs these lines are operated on regular schedules. France is strong enough today to resist successfully all of Europe, not excluding England. Her air forces on twenty-four hours' notice could be bombing English and German cities with hundreds of aircraft, destroying arsenals and ammunition plants, smashing up mobilization centers, sinking commerce, and generally demoralizing the economic structure of her enemies. And France knows this.

But France also knows that Germany is not very far behind. Curiously enough, in the face of all her alleged financial troubles, Germany has somehow managed to build up a system of air lines second only to that of France. German air power is likely to pass unnoticed until one travels about Germany via air. Berlin, like Paris, has a system of radiating lines to all important points on her borders, together with coast lines connecting the large ports on the North Sea and Baltic. The various companies, assisted by government subsidies, are associated in two large groups, each group working in cooperation with the great German shipping companies, the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd. Lines, in daily operation, run from Berlin to Bremen and Hamburg and on to London, Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. Others run south to Dresden, Leipzig, and Munich; and east to Danzig, the Baltic States, and on to Moscow. Berlin is connected with all points on her borders, including the Russian border, without crossing Polish territory. The French answer to this development has been a series of treaties intended to hem Germany in. The *Matin* (Paris) reports the existence of an amazing clause in the recent aviation convention signed by France and Czecho-Slovakia which reserves to airmen of the signatory countries the right to instal calling stations in Czecho-Slovakia, or even to fly over that country.

At present, however, the amount of Germany's air traffic is astonishingly large, considering the cost. Who pays the bill? The German Government subsidizes these lines at a rate said to be eight cents per airplane mile (in other words, the companies receive eight cents for every mile flown regardless of the number of passengers and freight carried). Four thousand miles of German air lines are flown over every day, and at impossible rates for passengers and freight of less than two cents a mile. The fare last summer for the six-hundred kilometer voyage from Berlin to Königsberg, including automobile to and from the hotel, amounted to four American dollars. The same trip in America would cost $300, basing the estimate on the rates of the only commercial aerial transportation company in this country. The fare for the two-hundred mile trip from Berlin to Hamburg was only $3.50. The American company, which charges $75 for the hundred miles between Key West and Havana, would charge close to $150 for the Berlin-Hamburg run. No privately operated air line in America approaches even distantly the efficient, express-train schedule of the German air lines.

The British Government, judging from the discussions on last year's Air Service Appropriation Bill, realized clearly the unintentional benefit bestowed upon Germany by confiscation of old arms and aircraft material. Great Britain, moreover, is far from enthusiastic over the great air strength of the French, and in 1922 started active work toward a larger air force. After a systematic propaganda campaign last summer, the British Government was induced to appropriate eleven million pounds for the purpose of meeting the French challenge. But France is far beyond

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reach. The present air strength of Great Britain totals but thirty-eight squadrons, and the completion of the 1925 program will increase that to only forty-seven squadrons. The French program calls for 220 military squadrons with a grand total of 2,000 machines. On the other hand England is just commencing to fortify her "royal route to India" by building up squadrons for Egypt, Anatolia, Mesopotamia, and India. In Constantinople, during the arrival last September of British troops, every other British officer was an Air Service man. In October, after the Mudania armistice, they melted away, going not back to England, but to various points throughout the empire.

Italy, with a powerful post-war airplane and airship industry, has lately had a complete reorganization of its air service. Premier Mussolini, in order personally to supervise this work, has assumed the direction of the recently created Bureau of Aeronautics with the title of High Commissioner of Aeronautics. This is the first time in history that a Prime Minister has taken the portfolio of minister of aviation, and the act indicates the importance that Italy attaches to her air strength. With a natural mountain barrier on the north, and with two long coasts protected by adequate auxiliary armaments, Italians believe they will be immune from attack by sea or land. In rehabilitating her huge 1918 air strength, Italy has provided for a 1923 expenditure of 280 million lire. Seventy squadrons are to be built up.

Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, under French tutelage, each with twenty-seven squadrons, are rapidly developing a powerful air force as an offset to the Russian armies. But Russia is not neglecting her air service. Early last summer a shipment of fifty latest-type Fokker war planes arrived in Moscow, together with a complement of Dutch and German pilots and mechanics. How many such shipments had preceded this one was not disclosed, but it is known that cadre and depot organizations exist for seventy active-service squadrons.

Japan, of course, profits most from the use of auxiliary arms. Both military and naval men point out that a large program of auxiliary armaments makes her master of the Orient, and Japan, fully appreciating her position, has adopted these auxiliary arms on a tremendous scale. Japan is said to have under construction more light cruisers than there are in all the countries of the world. She is also rapidly turning out submarines of short and long range. With the French building up her army aviation (which already includes thirty-four squadrons) and the British her naval aviation, and with the establishment of aircraft factories in different parts of the country, Japan has advanced more rapidly than any other country in aeronautics. A year ago our Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce announced that aircraft manufacturers in this country were having difficulties in obtaining spruce for aircraft because Japan had bought up the year's available supply. Last year's naval aviation appropriations alone approximate $20,000,000.

Nor has the United States neglected her air forces. With very little publicity, the United States air services have built up an active military air force of fifty-three squadrons, which places the United States second in military air strength, and nearly 40 per cent stronger than Great Britain.

[*The second section of The Next War in the Air will appear in next week's issue of* The Nation.]

The Hosts of Black Labor

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

AMERICAN industry is slowly beginning to awake to the fact that there is in this country a great reservoir of labor which has been only partially tapped. The South has nine million black folk of whom five million are productive workers. As a mass they are ignorant and unskilled, but they are ambitious, willing to learn, and for the most part at present wretchedly underpaid. Lynching, lawlessness, lack of schools, and disfranchisement have slowly but surely made them ripe for change.

What is America doing with these black laborers? We may envisage four hosts who must deal with them—the planter, the manufacturer, the union laborer, and the Northern Negro. The planter inherits a tradition from which he seldom escapes. This tradition regards the Negro laborer as a serf, without a vote, with little education, low wages, and medieval conditions of work. The manufacturer, North and South, has as his ideal a surplus of common labor, whether black or white, which will keep wages low by severe competition and periodic unemployment. The union laborer proposes so to restrict and monopolize skilled labor as to compel the employer to grant a living wage. These three hosts are pretty well known; but there is a fourth who is not so often thought of. He is the Northern Negro, the representative of the 1,725,141 Negroes established in the North either a generation or more ago or by more recent migration, who have, except in the case of the newest comers, found an industrial place and a racial philosophy and who are the first to be affected by a widespread migration from the South.

These, then, are the four hosts waiting to welcome or repel the Southern black laborer. What has been the result of their and his interactions? We can perhaps best trace it by noticing the gyrations of a little black dot on the map of the United States. This little black dot represents the center of gravity of the Negro population in the United States. This little dot was near Petersburg, Virginia, in 1790. It moved south and then west until 1910, when suddenly and for the first time in American history it struck eastward, and in 1920 was nine and one half miles farther east and nineteen and one half miles farther north than ten years before.

What does this mean? It means that between 1870 and 1910 the Negroes sought economic salvation in the free land of the West and Southwest and that the migration in this direction offset the considerable migration north and east; but that with the beginning of the World War there occurred the greatest revolution in migration which the Negro has known for a century; and that by actual census figures, the net gain of the North and West and loss of the South between 1910 and 1920 was 334,526 black folk.

This northward movement of the Negro population was renewed in the fall of 1922. The great Northern industrial plants sent out a call for semi-skilled and unskilled labor. Just as the cutting down of immigration during the war made a scarcity of common labor, so the new immigration laws together with expanding business are having the same effect at present. The result can be felt all through the South; not as a sudden movement, but as a gradual and expanding tremor.

It is emphasized by the attitude of the white South.

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There is still the slave-holding psychology. The Commissioner of Labor in Georgia openly declares that his department is going to stop the "enticing" of Negroes away by arresting "labor agent parasites" and "heavily fining" them; and by other methods of law and force. Can he keep Negroes in the South by these methods? A colored spokesman for five families talked last December to a reporter of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal:* "They claimed to have been kept in debt year in and out by landowners. One man, who refused to give his name, said he had worked ten years on one plantation, and this year in settling up he had only $50 coming to him. He claimed this would not pay for clothing for his family, let alone buying provisions. What live stock they had in the year 1921 was sold to help them through the crisis when cotton was at its lowest price." To this debt-peonage have been added in recent years the ravages of the boll-weevil. The secretary of the American Cotton Association notes the depopulation of cotton plantations by both white and black farmers on this account and notes that no young mules have been shipped to the cotton belt since the spring of 1920.

The result of all this may be easily conjectured. A colored minister of the Methodist Episcopal church writes: "As district superintendent for seven years, touching twenty-five counties in Mississippi, the State which had, according to the census of 1910, almost one-tenth of the Negro population of the United States of America, my observation and experience lead me to state that the exodus is still on and will no doubt continue gradually toward the North and West for some years. In many places hundreds have gone within the last few months. Many churches have depleted memberships because of the exodus. Seventy-five were counted that left one community within twenty-four hours." The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* of December 24 declared that within ninety days more than 12,000 Negroes had left the cotton fields of Mississippi and Arkansas for the industrial plants of Chicago, St. Louis, and Detroit. It stated that on an average 200 Negroes leave every night from Memphis northward on the Illinois Central, taking with them not only their household goods, but often several months' provisions.

The Columbia, S. C., *State* notes the departure of Negroes from South Carolina, and W. P. Conyers, a white citizen of South Carolina and former member of the State Board of Pardons, said in a recent speech: "We have educated many Negroes, and it is from this class of educated, intelligent, industrious, thinking Negroes that the emigrants are coming. It is from the very class of Negro that the South can least afford to lose. But the thinking Negro, the Negro with some education, some ambition, a desire to better care for his family and educate his children, is going North in large numbers. And he doesn't come back."

From Georgia we learn that some "13 per cent or 32,000 of the total number of Negro farmhands in Georgia is estimated to have moved North during the last twelve months." South Carolina and Florida offer figures almost as startling, while the migration during one recent week of more than 5,000 unskilled Negro laborers from North Carolina has resulted in the shutting down of some fifty highway construction projects. From Arkansas, one gentleman writes us, "there is a certain alarm in all circles over the large outflow of Negroes to Northern points. It amounts to a veritable exodus and there seems to be no means of stopping this migration."

This is the crux of the matter. To be sure it is reported that thousands of the newcomers are finding employment at relatively high wages, but this does not settle the matter. First of all there is no sign that even this continued migration of its labor force is really impressing the South. There is no real diminution of Southern lynchings; there is no disposition to let the Negro vote; there is some improvement in schools, but this is usually in cities and seldom in the country districts; and above all there is the sinister growth of the Ku Klux Klan. Despite this, little Southern papers continue to declare fatuously—we take the words from the Gaffney, South Carolina *Ledger:* "The South is the home of the Negro and nowhere on earth can he receive the consideration he does at the hands of Southern white men!"

These statements are not true and Negroes know they are not true. They know too that in the long run the South cannot keep them from migrating in spite of offensive measures of various sorts. And the Negro is increasingly determined not to submit to Southern caste rule.

This does not minimize his difficulties in the North. First he must find a job, and between him and the better jobs stand the labor unions. Undoubtedly in the North the attitude of the labor union has reflected the attitude of the white public. There has been a determined effort to keep the black laborers out of the skilled unions, and while the unions have had to give in here and there, there has been little real change in this policy of exclusion. No Negro today can belong to any of the railroad unions and the various "full crew" laws were simply methods of driving out Negro competition. Whenever there is an attempt to unionize labor beyond the highly skilled field immediately the race problem comes to the fore as in East St. Louis and in the late steel strike. In the South in the same way the unionized white laborer is willing to furnish mobs to keep the black field hand "in his place."

But with common labor scarce and semi-skilled labor unorganized the Negro can gain a foothold, although often this involves "scabbing" and increased hatred and prejudice. He accepts low wages and long hours because even these are better than Southern peonage. And with this situation the Northern industrial barons are perfectly content and congratulate themselves.

In addition to this the new Negro laborer is immediately forced upon the established Northern Negro group. Now the position of this group is not strong economically nor socially. Its security depends largely upon the non-agitation of the race problem. If racial differences are not emphasized by newspapers or by new facts the Northern Negro becomes gradually a citizen judged by his individual deserts and abilities. If, however, there comes a sudden new migration, the level of intelligence and efficiency in these newcomers is almost inevitably below that of the Negro already established in the North. Public opinion lumps the new with the old without discrimination. New racial irritation, hatreds, and segregations arise. The problem of new dwelling-places becomes severe and it is a double problem, for not only must the new black men have homes to shelter them, but the white home owners must, as far as possible, protect the beauty, moral level, and value of their homes.

The Northern Negro, therefore, faces a peculiar dilemma. He knows that his Southern brother will and must migrate just as he himself migrated either in this generation or

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the last. He feels more or less acutely his own duty to help the newcomer, and the Negro churches and charities of great cities like Chicago and New York have done a marvelous work in this direction even though it has fallen far below the need. But on the other hand the black Northerner knows what this migration costs. In the years from 1900 to 1922 there has been an average of a race riot in the United States every year, half of them in the South and half in the North. Serious encounters have been threatened in a half dozen other Northern and several Southern centers. In these same years, 1,563 Negroes have been lynched; since the war thirty-four Negroes have been burned alive at the stake. In other words the race war is not simply a future possibility—it is here.

From this turmoil and interaction of interests and human passions has come one very great result and that is the pushing of the American Negro by sheer necessity to a higher point of courage, intelligence, and determination, of economic stability and clear thinking than ever before in his history or in the modern history of any Negro group. He easily leads the black folk of the world. And if there has lingered any conviction that the Negro is going to be satisfied with a permanent position of caste inferiority it is high time that that thought was dispelled from the minds of thinking Americans.

Here then is the critical time. What shall the public say? It is tempted to say: Bring the South north. Discourage Negro migration by reproducing "Jim Crow" conditions of Alabama and Texas in Ohio and New York. Such a policy is suicidal. The Northern Negro has a vote and is learning how to use it. A national caste movement would weld into unity a powerful mass of desperate men, led by intelligence and property, filled with resentment, armed with the ballot, and determined to fight to the bitter end in alliance with any group or element that promised success. Such a mass might be clubbed to death by mobs, but remember that it cost Chicago thirty-eight deaths, 537 injured, and millions of dollars in money to make an unsuccessful and bitterly regretted attempt at this method of race adjustment.

The public, therefore, in the end must say: There is but one way out. The South must reform its attitude toward the Negro. The North must reform its attitude toward common labor. The unions must give up monopoly and aristocracy as methods of social uplift. The Negro must develop democracy within as well as without the race.

Religion in Revolutionary Russia

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

STRANGE tales are coming out of Russia again, this time about the church. The Bolsheviki, according to reports, have undertaken the suppression of religion. They have closed the churches and shrines, outlawed the mass, and forbidden public services of worship. They are plundering cathedrals and monasteries of their age-old treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, and appropriating the money value to the base uses of the Government. They are arresting priests, holding them in dark and loathsome prisons, or murdering them in cold blood. They are deriding the sacred traditions of the people, blaspheming God and Christ, suppressing all religious teachings and practices, and in general conducting a persecution as fierce as that which raged against the Christians in the days of Nero.

It is a dreadful picture which the dispatches are giving us, horrible to contemplate, but hard to believe, especially if one is or has been on the scene of action. In August last, nearly a year after the publication of the decree for the alleged seizure of church treasures, I was in Moscow, and looked in vain for evidences of such atrocities. I entered dozens of churches and shrines, on week-days and Sundays, and saw much dirt but no damage; asking specifically for churches that had suffered injury, I was shown a golden cross on a bell-tower in the Kremlin, bent at an angle of forty-five degrees by a crowd of boys who had got out of hand in the early days of the revolution, but were driven away from their contemplated spoil by Red soldiers! I stood many times before altars gorgeous with golden ikons and jewels, and participated as an auditor in religious services conducted by the priests. In the cathedral Church of Christ the Savior was a vast array of the most splendid altars I have ever seen, and worship of overwhelming magnificence and pomp. I saw the famous legend on the Kremlin wall, "Religion is the Opiate of the People"; and opposite it a shrine in which a priest chanted all day long the ritual, and thousands of worshipers came and went.

But one does not have to go to Moscow to throw doubt upon these stories of persecution. Reports in our newspapers here at home bring their own confusion, and occasionally their own refutation. Thus we are informed that the churches are closed and services forbidden; but the New York *Times* carries a dispatch, after the recent Russian Easter, to the effect that "the churches everywhere were crowded" at services which lasted from 11:30 Saturday night to 3 or 4 o'clock Sunday morning. The same paper states editorially that "saying mass is an act of counter-revolution"; and then publishes a charming story from its special correspondent describing his presence at Easter mass in a small church in the environs of Moscow. Sensational reports are printed of the deliberate insults hurled against churches on Easter Sunday by the Communists; and in the same dispatch appears the announcement that Red soldiers were called out by the Government to protect the churches from interference by hoodlums.

It would be easy, and to a large extent justifiable, to rank these stories of oppression with the earlier stories about German gold, the massacres of the Red Terror, and the nationalization of women. At bottom, of course, they are pieces of cloth cut from the same artificial weave of calumny and falsehood. A drive is "on" against Russia, as drives have been "on" many times before; only priests are being used today as the heroes, or victims, of the campaign, as women, for example, were used yesterday.

It would be a mistake, however, to turn away from these atrocity narratives, under the assumption that they represent nothing but one vile tissue of imposture. To do this would be to miss events of great significance, close our eyes to a stupendous drama in the life of a great people. The things reported in our newspapers these days are mostly not happening; but other things, of which these tales of persecution may be taken as a kind of Brocken specter, are assuredly happening, to the permanent weal or woe of religion in Russia. What we have here is a vast

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upheaval incident to the earlier political upheaval of the nation, bringing to the church the same revolutionary consequences that have already come to the state. There are disturbances, confusions, hostilities, cataclysmic changes, inside the church because "the whole creation" of holy Russia now "groaneth and travaileth together" that she may "be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

To describe the present religious situation in revolutionary Russia in the brief span of a magazine article is, of course, impossible. I can only present an outline of what is going on, classifying separately, for the sake of understanding, forces which are hopelessly tangled, but are working out to some ultimate pattern of beauty and beneficence.

First, there is the political phase of the situation. This has its roots in the familiar fact that the so-called Orthodox Church was in the old Czaristic days a part of the Government, and worked in and with the Government for governmental or dynastic interests. The union of church and state, in other words, was absolute. Thus the procurator of the Holy Synod, the head of the church, was frequently, as in the notorious case of Pobiedonostsov, the dominant influence in the state. The higher clergy, recruited from the lordly families, were primarily political officials, using their exalted ecclesiastical positions to serve the existing political regime. The lower clergy were often spies, and as often the local agents of governmental corruption and tyranny. From top to bottom the church was linked with the ruling classes in the state, and was as essential a part of the foundation of social order as the army or navy.

When the revolution came, the church, of course, was upon the instant counter-revolutionary. Inevitably it set itself against the men who had overthrown the regime with which it was so completely identified. Then, as an intense aggravation of the situation, came the disestablishment of the church in 1918, which stripped the priests at once of income, rights of teaching religion in the public schools, and other familiar perquisites and powers. The hierarchy, with all its wealth in the churches and monasteries, and all its influence in the widely scattered priesthood, had to be regarded by the Bolsheviki as definitely hostile to the Government. Yet nothing was done against it; the clergy were left free to come and go as they would. Some of the great prelates fled abroad with the grand dukes, and set up centers of agitation against Soviet Russia in the various capitals of Europe. Others remained at home, to maintain centers of agitation in the heart of the country itself. When the Kolchaks, Denikins, and Wrangels, with their bandit soldiery, entered Russia with the help of the Allies, the clergy were the first to welcome the invaders. Even local priests who were friendly to the revolution were forced by their superiors to lend aid and comfort to these hostile soldiery. Thus at the Moscow Congress of the Living Church I heard one priest tell, with indignant passion, how he was compelled to assist Kolchak when his army passed westward through his village. But not only was the church itself counter-revolutionary; it was also the easy hiding-place of all the subversive influences within the nation. Behind the robe of the priest lurked the conspirators against the Lenin Government. Such centers of hostility as were left in Russia, after the last invasion was repelled, were almost exclusively in the churches.

It is because the Soviets, for the last year or more, have been dealing with this peril to its life much as all governments have always dealt with similar perils, that the outcry of persecution has been lifted against them. As a matter of fact there is no persecution, only stern governmental action against conspiracy and treason. What we have is not a religious question at all, but a political question. When priests, high or low, have been found to be guilty of treason, or conniving at treason, they have been seized and punished, exactly like other men. Thus the Vicar-General, Butchkavich, has been charged, among other things, with treasonable correspondence with the enemy in time of war. The Patriarch, Tikhon, is accused of serious political offenses: that he maintained connections with Kolchak and Wrangel, that he communicated with and blessed the counter-revolutionary movement of 1918, that he issued a proclamation summoning the faithful to struggle against the Soviet regime, etc. Whether these charges are true I do not know. But I do know that Tikhon was present at a conclave in Czecho-Slovakia which sought the restoration of the monarchy and received as delegates General Wrangel and some of his precious troops.

The action of the Government in these matters, therefore, is purely political in its nature. The republic is refusing to allow the shadow of religion to hide conspiracy against the state. Nothing could have been finer than the religious decrees issued by the Government in 1918. According to these, every citizen was given freedom to profess any religion, or none at all, as he saw fit; and the free performance of religious rites was guaranteed on condition that it "does not interfere with public order and the rights of citizens." Let it be set down that this was a degree of religious liberty unknown heretofore in all the history of the Russian people. It has yet to be proved that the Government has violated these promises—that it has interfered with the church in any case in which the church has not first interfered with it.

Secondly, there is the ecclesiastical phase of the situation, which centers about the separation of church and state decreed by the Bolsheviki in 1918. This was accompanied by the novel feature, inevitable under a communistic type of social organization, that the property of the church was held by the state. Title to ecclesiastical property, in other words, as to every other kind of property in Russia, was placed in the republic. Thus, according to the laws promulgated January 23, 1918, "no church society has the right to own property; all property belonging to church societies is declared to be national property, but buildings and articles of service are handed over to religious societies for free use." Parish churches, chapels, and shrines were in all cases given over to the individual groups of worshipers, clerical and lay, with full guaranty of unhindered use for strictly religious purposes. Under the circumstances of nationalization nothing could seem to be fairer than this; but it led to serious conflicts in both the Greek and Roman churches.

The quarrel with the Greek or Orthodox Church reached its climax in the struggle over the Soviet decree authorizing the seizure of church treasures for famine relief. This was resisted by the churches, in some cases with violence. Propaganda abroad, based on tales of battle and bloodshed, has given us lurid pictures of churches and monasteries throughout Russia looted of their possessions by roving bands of soldiery, and the Communists reveling in the luxury of the wealth thus seized in defiance of every canon of decency and honor. The facts in this matter of the sequestration of church property, as I found them in the course

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of personal investigation in Russia last summer, are simple and definite:

1. The idea of sequestration originated not with the Government, but with a group of priests and their parishioners in the famine areas who petitioned the Soviet Government, in the name of Christ, to use their idle properties for the saving of human lives.

2. Precedent for such action was found in the uniform practice of the Czar's Government in taking church treasures for public uses whenever necessary or convenient. I was shown records in Moscow of requisitions on the churches by different Czars of 7,000 rubles for a canal, 8,000 rubles for ammunition, other thousands for bridges, army horses, a gate in Moscow, etc. In 1916 the Archbishop recommended to Petrograd that the treasures of a certain very rich monastery should be seized for the support of "the war against the heathen," i.e., the Germans. This recommendation was indorsed by the Holy Synod, and duly approved by Czar Nicholas; but before the Government could act, the revolution had ended its power.

3. Sequestration of church properties was placed in the hands of a special commission. Articles were not to be seized until after a careful inventory had been made of all treasures available, and only under the following conditions: Nothing to be taken which was necessary to religious uses; nothing to be taken which had artistic value; nothing to be taken which had historic value. In every case final authorization had to be given by a member of the Moscow commission. I was told personally by a provincial governor of two instances where his recommendations that certain articles be seized for famine relief were vetoed by the commission. One concerned a huge silver chest, containing the bones of a saint; this was ordered preserved because the silversmith had attempted to copy in his work the design of the former sepulcher, and the chest, therefore, had historic value. The second veto concerned a bishop's cap, adorned with 1,800 matchless pearls; this, also, was left untouched by order of the commission, because it was adjudged to have historic and artistic value. The commission's control of the sequestration policy was so strict that returns were exceedingly disappointing. Famine relief planned by the Government on the basis of this policy was halted badly for sheer lack of resources.

The conflict with the Roman church, as bitter today as ever, has centered upon no one specific issue. It is to be remembered, in this connection, that the Soviet order of January, 1918, gave the Roman Catholics a degree of religious liberty which they had never enjoyed under the oppression of the old regime. They were recognized as on an equal level with all other religionists, and given freedom to use their churches and practice the observances of their faith. From the beginning, however, the Romanists carried on a campaign against the Government. Thus they refused to recognize the nationalization of church property, holding that the buildings and all they contain are the property of the Pope. They also refused to obey the laws against the teaching of religious dogmas to minors. It is because of the recalcitrancy of the priesthood in these matters that the Soviet Government has closed the Roman Catholic churches until the law shall be obeyed. The celebration of the mass, however, is entirely legal, and is going on regularly in parish buildings and private houses.

What we have, in all these instances, are open conflicts over matters of ecclesiastical rights of property and procedure. Only in the case of the denial to the churches of the right to teach their children the doctrines of their faith can we find anything even remotely suggesting persecution. In all other matters the laws have been written in terms of freedom and executed in the spirit of tolerance.

Lastly, there is the spiritual phase of the present situation. I refer here to the awakening within the Orthodox Church itself of long-buried forces of enlightenment and liberation, which are gradually shaping themselves into various movements of revolt, parallel to the Protestant movements which everywhere appeared in the era of the Reformation. The most conspicuous of these movements is known as the Living Church, and is headed by the two distinguished prelates, Antonin and Krasnitsky.

The libels against the Living Church and kindred groups are becoming familiar. We who are the spiritual descendants of exactly similar groups of three and four hundred years ago seem to take especial delight in defaming these men in Russia who are trying now to do what our fathers did under like circumstances. Thus it is said that Antonin, who has suffered martyrdom for years in the spirit of a Savonarola and a Huss, is half-witted. It is said that Krasnitsky, who is doing his work today as Luther did his yesterday, is ambitious. It is said that these men and all their associates in the Living Church are the paid tools of the Soviets in the work of breaking up the church and extinguishing religion. No slander is too vicious to hurl against these Protestant reformers of our modern day. But I attended the first Congress of this Living Church in Moscow in August last. With the exception of my interpreter I was the only non-Russian present, so far as I know. I watched proceedings, listened to speeches, talked with priests—and this is what I believe:

These men in the Living Church are reformers of true apostolic courage, zeal, and sincerity. They have revolted against the corruptions and oppressions characteristic of a hierarchy bound hand and foot to the interests of a tyrannical dynasty. They have their roll of martyrs, for in the dark days of the Czar they were not afraid to speak. Now, with the overthrow of the Czar and the establishment of religious freedom under the Soviets, they see their opportunity come at last to purge the church of its ills and restore something of the purity and simplicity of the religion of Jesus. I saw them with the dust and weariness upon them of long journeyings from the Caucasus, the Ukraine, Siberia. I watched them as they sang and prayed and debated. I heard them talk of ending the hierarchal organization of bishop, archbishop, patriarch, etc., and restoring the churches to the people; of simplifying the ritual and the services, that the people might participate in devotions unto God; of revising the creeds that superstitions and dead dogmas might be done away, and truth be sought again. Always there was discussion of the "living church"—a church that should be alive in thought, in service, in love for humankind.

Sincere, courageous, devoted, these living churchmen still knew all too little how to move forward effectively to the goal they saw so clearly. From the long-established Reformation of the West must come the leading and sympathy they so sorely need. Hence the satisfaction with which I read of American Protestants who are even now in Moscow lending a hand to these Russian brethren.

The attitude of the Communist toward the Living Church and similar protestant movements is various. Few are sym-

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pathetic, for few have any interest in religion and the church. Many are openly contemptuous, regarding this movement only as an attempt to save what cannot and should not be saved. Still others are cynical; these sectarian movements are embarrassing to the Orthodox Church and therefore exceedingly convenient to the Government. All are at the worst indifferent, at the best eager to help a movement which represents inside the church the revolution which has taken place outside the church. So the Government at the least keeps hands off; at the best, as on the occasion of the Moscow Congress, lends aid and comfort. A new protestant reformation is well under way, and the Government is not unfriendly!

In surveying the situation in Russia, as thus presented, it is well to remember what the revolutionists have in mind when they talk or act upon religion. They do not see religion as we see it, or understand it as we understand it. What they see and well understand by religion is the Orthodox Church, the old established hierarchy, the greatest compound of ignorance, superstition, and corruption that the world has ever known. Final judgment on this church, which has masqueraded all these years in Russia as religion, was passed by Leo Tolstoi in his Reply to the Holy Synod on the occasion of his excommunication in 1901. He wrote:

> I am convinced that the teaching of the church is theoretically a crafty and injurious falsehood, and practically a conglomeration of gross superstitions and sorceries beneath which true Christianity has utterly disappeared. . . . If one ventures to remind men that all these prayers, masses, candles, images have no connection with the teachings of Christ, that he simply commanded men to love one another, not to return evil for evil, not to kill their fellows, then immediately all those who profit by the lie burst into indignation and protest with incredible boldness that Christ taught none of those things. . . . If there exists anything sacred it is not their pretended sacraments, but this obligation to denounce religious imposture as soon as we perceive it. . . . If Christ should return today and see what is done in his name in the churches, he would not fail to fling far away from him, with a great and most righteous anger, their communion cloths, banners, crosses, chalices, candles, and images, all the instruments of their sorcery, all that helps them to turn men aside from God and his teaching.

It is against this abominable perversion of religion that a revolution is now well under way. The vast upheaval of the reformation, in other words, has just now come to Russia. In the cataclysmic circumstances of such a phenomenon it is not surprising that fanatical errors are sometimes made, as in the case of the law forbidding the teaching of theological doctrines to minors; and occasional outrages committed, as in the case of the execution of the Vicar-General, Butchkavich. But to interpret such events in terms of widespread and deliberate persecution, to declare that the revolutionists of Russia inside and outside the church seek the extermination of religion, is ridiculous. As we have been told for years that the Bolsheviki are anarchists seeking to destroy society, and the refugees the true representatives of order and progress, so we are now told that the Bolsheviki are atheists seeking to extinguish religion, and the Orthodox Church the true representative of Christianity. Such solicitude for this church, especially from Protestants enjoying centuries of emancipation from the influences it represents, is touching in the extreme! But the vile deceit cannot succeed. True religion is coming to its own in Russia; the days of darkness are drawing to a close.

Lo, the Poor Railroads!

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

IF there is anybody in this whole wide, wide world to whom I venture to offer the indignity of pity, it is the executive manager of almost any American railroad.

Senator Cummins tells me that if the railroads do not meekly accept the consolidations which the Interstate Commerce Commission will suggest to them, he will bring in a bill which will outrightly force them to do it.

Senator La Follette tells me that the "Progressive Bloc" in the Senate and in the House will undoubtedly be ready next winter with a bill, or bills, which will teach the railroads to do a great many things very much better in the "progressive" sense.

Senator Couzens is sitting in his office in the Senate Office Building with streams of data on railroads flowing across his desk in preparation for the happy days when Senator La Follette in the next Congress will attack the railroads and when the railroads will attack Senator La Follette and when Senator Couzens will come crashing onto the field against them like Blücher at Waterloo.

The "official White House spokesman"—the journalistic marionette through which the President ventriloquizes his views to the American public—says that the railroad question will be "a paramount question" in the next Congress.

Meanwhile in railroad managerial circles I learn that in the course of the last ten years the railroads of this country have been able to increase their total stock issues from the sum of $8,500,000,000 to the sum only of $8,900,000,000.

I simultaneously learn that our population and our agricultural productivity and our industrial productivity have increased so rapidly, and our present prosperity has expanded so exuberantly, that the railroads feel obliged this year to contemplate and to undertake unprecedented expenditures for new equipment.

They must meet these new expenditures almost exclusively out of earnings or out of borrowings and not out of any new full-risk investment by any new stockholders. Interstate Commerce Commissioner Eastman, who seems to have a special interest or a special duty in such matters, tells me that since the passage of the Transportation Act of 1920 there have been only two instances in which important railroads have got out any important issues of new stock.

The situation thus illustrated has been succinctly and poignantly described by Mr. Robert S. Binkerd, vice-chairman of the committee of Eastern railroads on public relations. He observes that the railroads are in this year 1923 authorizing an expenditure of more than a billion dollars for cars and locomotives and trackage and other facilities; and he observes that investors will buy equipment trust certificates on which they get a stated interest but will not buy new stock on which they would have to take an unstated chance; and he says:

> "The railroads are being obliged to increase their creditors without increasing their partners. They are being obliged to increase their percentage of fixed charges and to decrease their margin of safety for solvent operation."

They are pushed into this position while our oil companies have accumulated such enormous surpluses of profits that they are abundantly able to prosecute a most desirable but highly expensive search for petroleum in foreign fields in South America, in Asia, in Africa.

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The public, which thinks itself ruined if it must pay one dollar more to ride in a parlor car from New York to Washington, thinks itself benefited and charmed if it is permitted to support the brilliant flights of our movie stars in special trains to special cities built to be photographed and to be destroyed.

Our railroad executives find themselves regarded as our chief national luxury on which we are determined to vent our whole accumulated—and otherwise ungratified—passion for economy. Saving on nothing else, we are determined to make up for it in one lump by saving on railroad rates.

At this painful point, as if the thrift of the rate-making public were not enough, and as if the consequent coldness of the stock-buying public were not enough and too much, along comes the proletarian revolution. It goes deeper than wages.

For decades the very genius of that amazing human organization, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has been that in the mind and heart of every Pennsylvania Railroad man there should be only two industrial words written: "The Pennsylvania." That this one loyalty should now become a plural loyalty and that the Pennsylvania Railroad man should be also a Plumb Plan League man, striving to secure a national ownership and a national "employee operation" of all railroads, nationally consolidated, is surely a thought which it cannot be expected that General Atterbury will instinctively admire or even understand.

The fact is that when certain railroad executives fight their union shopmen they are fighting something more than a wage demand. They are fighting a state of mind, they are fighting a philosophy, which their intellect indeed does not adequately define but which their instinct truly tells them to regard as a thing which, unless they check it, will produce a whole system of industrial behavior alien to their own.

The Baltimore and Ohio—gazing inquisitively beyond the end of its nose—has entered into plans of accommodation and of collaboration with the "industrial-efficiency" ambitions which its shopmen claim to have. Contrariwise, certain other railroads have not only continued to resist those ambitions but are even today still resisting the embers of last year's shopcraft strike; and those embers are often red hot.

The heat of them was reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission inspectors in the course of the commission's recent hearings on the efficiency and economy of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. The Lehigh's costs per gross ton mile in its old relations with its old union shopmen were represented by the figure 1.341. Its new costs in relation to its new strike-breaking shopmen were represented in February of this year by the figure 2.928.

Today the railroads face the four following things: A rate-reducing electorate, an efficiency-investigating and economy-demanding government, a railroad-stock-scorning financial public, and a management-criticizing and management-grasping employed staff. That in these circumstances our railroad executives were able in the last week of record to load more freight cars than in any previous corresponding week in any previous year is no mean tribute to their stubbornness of operating capacity, while their general failure to seek an alliance with their employees against their other enemies is likewise no mean tribute to their stubbornness of economic and political stupidity.

In the Driftway

"WHERE," asked the Drifter's young philosopher friend, "are you going to draw the line between what should be censored and what should not? You and I think that certain filthy post cards and like printed matter which have a large sale in the vicinity of schools are smut. Mr. Sumner of the Vice Society agrees with us, but thinks "Casanova's Homecoming" is also smut. Each of us is sincere, sober, and holds his opinion in good faith. Shall we censor the smutty post cards and read Schnitzler? And if we do, is not Mr. Sumner justified in calling us irrational?" The Drifter allowed that he could not work up much concern over what Mr. Sumner called him, and was duly called to order. "Now, you," continued the young philosopher, "and I, and most of our intimates have reached the point where none of this reading is harmful to us. If we ever were stirred by what Justice Ford would call an obscene phrase, we are so no longer. We know enough of human behavior to realize that it is complicated, irrational, and quite unpredictable. Truth, we know, is so much more astounding than fiction that no fiction can surprise us."

* * * * *

"THAT is all very well for you"—the Drifter was willing to object for the sake of argument—"you are mature, wise, balanced; take a boy of sixteen or a girl of fourteen. What about him or her?" "Well, take them," his friend replied, calmly. "Take them and feed them all the printed matter, good, bad, dirty, noble, malicious, well purposed that I fed myself from far earlier than sixteen or fourteen, and you will have me over again, one whom you are generous enough to call balanced and wise. On the other hand, take your boy and never allow him to read any book but those chosen for him by Mr. Sumner and Justice Ford; allow him to simmer in his own juice until he reaches the age of sixteen; then turn him loose in a wicked world—you will have to sometime, you know—and note how ill prepared he is to distinguish good from bad. Ignorance is certainly the last staff with which a young man would choose to make his way. Why would you insist on it for him? You would never allow him at sixteen to enter a foreign country without some knowledge of the language and customs therein, especially if he was to go by himself; I doubt if even Justice Ford would think that the part of wisdom. Yet here is a foreign country in which every man and every woman must begin, at some time in his life, to walk alone. On every side experiences beckon. Some of them will be good, many may be harmful. How will he know which to choose if their very names are strange to him?"

* * * * *

"OF course," observed the Drifter, "you are talking to an imaginary audience and not to me. As an imaginary audience I could raise certain objections which might occur to the Vice Society. Yet I know by your glittering eye that you could cause them to vanish into thin air. Your logic is unanswerable; and yet you would not even make a slight depression, not the thousandth part of an inch, in the opinions of Mr. Sumner or Justice Ford, for they, too, are convinced that they speak truth, and any number of persons agree with them and tell them so. We are, I fear, in for an era of morality. Until it blows over, if it ever does, all we poor immorals can do is to vegetate in the morasses of our memories."

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The "Red" (?) Raid in Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the night of April 9, for which the Minor lecture had been scheduled to take place, I walked down to the Typographical Temple with a friend to see if any of my party members (I am the secretary of the Washington branch of the Worker's Party of America) had put up a sign in the hall reading: "Minor meeting has been postponed."

I saw three policemen in front of the Temple, and, gazing through the window of the door, I saw a crowd. My friend and I thought that perhaps the meeting was taking place after all, so we asked the policemen about it. They replied: "Sure, the Minor meeting is going on now; go on in." We went in, and there were detectives, "stool-pigeons," newspaper reporters, and photographers. The atmosphere seeming to be uninviting I said to my friend: "Let's go out"; but Detective O'Dea grabbed us and began to search our pockets.

They carried us to the District Building with great speed, I suppose to make the public believe that we were desperadoes. No warrant had been served upon us, yet we were held incommunicado. The detectives asked me: "Where do you work?" I told them at the West End laundry. They replied: "Well, you won't work there any more, by God! We'll see that you don't have a job any more."

My lawyer had all of the detained "reds" (?) freed on a writ of habeus corpus. Upon reaching home, I found that O'Dea had come to my mother's apartment at about one o'clock in the morning with other detectives, making a loud hullabaloo (I suppose to impress the family who lives below her). O'Dea told my mother that her son was making a speech in which he declared he would like to see the streets running red with blood and had sent him there for a book. When he got in he searched my room without a warrant. He seized all manuscripts of mine and communications from our main office in New York. He started to confiscate my love letters and letters from my sisters, but my mother got mad then and would not let him touch them.

When I was in the Municipal Court building talking to a friend, another friend, who was a business man, came to see me, and defended me in front of O'Dea. When this friend went out, I heard O'Dea say to another man: "I'm going to put that fellow out of business; I can do it too!" The detectives stated that James P. Cannon's right name was Cohen; they try to make a Jew or a Russian out of every person with progressive ideas. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that I was called Irvine and not Levine in the newspapers. I was born in Washington, and am of Scotch-Irish descent; yet they spoke of deporting me to Russia. Let me tell you about some of the "red" literature which was "seized"; two copies of the *Nation* (O'Dea ran around with them crying "See the kind of stuff these damned reds are handing out!"), a copy of *Soviet Russia*, a ticket for "Russia Through the Shadows" (an animated picture passed by the National Board of Motion Picture Review), and a book on the Bahai revelation. I asked O'Dea why he had not brought my Bible along also.

On the third morning of my imprisonment I was brought before an audience of men, and placed upon a platform in the District Building. One of the men told me to explain how I became radical. I told them "Through studying the life of Jesus, the Harvard classics, and the orations and writings of the founders of this republic." I was questioned night and day by policemen whose questions I answered because I thought I had to. These answers were exaggerated, twisted, and distorted day by day in the newspapers.

O'Dea still has, among other things, the names of my customers (I am a laundry solicitor). I cannot go back to work (perhaps my boss wouldn't have me now) until they are returned. I am a poor man, and the "law and order" crowd are taking bread out of my mouth by holding these names. They have said that they are going to "get" me, and having seen them in action, I do not doubt it in the least.

Washington, April 14 EDWARD J. IRVINE

From Admiral Sims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your editorial, Admiral Sims's Challenge to Our Press, in your issue of April 18, 1923, I beg to invite your attention to certain serious errors in the special dispatch to the *Tribune* from Los Angeles of April 3, 1923, quoted by you. I did not state that "there is no authentic record of an atrocity ever having been perpetrated by the commander and crew of a German submarine," nor did I say that German submarine commanders would "always" notify other "ships" of the "position of crippled vessels."

In answer to telegraphic requests from certain publications, I replied as follows:

> I stated in addresses in California that, barring the case of the hospital ship Llandovery Castle, I did not know of any case where a German submarine commander had fired upon the boats of a torpedoed vessel; that the commanding officer and two officers of the submarine that torpedoed the hospital ship in question were tried in Germany after the war and punished; that the submarine commanders generally acted in a humane manner and in some instances gave the boats of torpedoed vessels food and water, a tow toward land, and sent out wireless signals giving their positions. See my book, "The Victory at Sea," pages 127 and 128. It is well known that the German Government ordered submarine commanders to torpedo merchant vessels without warning and also hospital ships if carrying troops. I did not discuss the orders of the German Government. My remarks referred exclusively to the conduct of the submarine commanders in carrying out their orders.

As far as I know, these replies have not been published.

In reporting an interview with me in the *Tribune* of April 15, 1923, which interview I did not see before it was dispatched, there were unfortunately certain other errors which I corrected in a letter published by the *Tribune* on April 18, 1923. I am acquainted in a general way with the results of the Leipzig trials. If my memory serves me, there were fifty-seven cases of alleged atrocities reported by the Allies against eighteen German submarine commanders. Just how many were convicted I do not know; but if as a result of sinking some thousands of vessels, the Allies could report but fifty-seven cases of alleged brutality, this alone would appear to be conclusive evidence that, in so far as concerns the submarine commanders, there is no justification for "the absolute belief that still persists in certain circles that the Germans were just devils in human form," but, on the contrary, as I have stated, that "the submarine commanders generally acted in a humane manner . . . in carrying out their orders."

Please note that I did not challenge the integrity of the press of any country. It is my belief that the papers published the news as they got it during the war, nor do I know of any cases where false information was given out by any government; but the air was filled with a variety of accusations and they were so endlessly repeated and so generally believed at the time as to convince the public that it was a common, if not a general, practice for German submarine commanders to murder the crews of the vessels they sank by firing upon these crews after they had taken to their boats. It was this belief that my remarks were intended to refute.

Newport, R. I., April 20 WM. S. SIMS,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy

[Admiral Sims evidently had not seen *The Nation* for April 25 when he wrote. In that issue long extracts from his later statement were quoted.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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So Runs the World Away

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When it became evident that the administration of this country was bent on using every means, legal and illegal, at its command, to break the Soviet Government, I used to ask my Jewish friends why the rich American Jews did not use the influence which they undoubtedly possessed to mitigate this antagonism toward the only government in Europe which was flatly in favor of giving the Jews a fair show. The answer given during and soon after the war was that they were afraid that it might call their patriotism into question. When, however, the Harding forces continued the Wilson policy with unabated hostility, I reached the obvious enough conclusion that Jewish capitalists, like their Gentile brethren, would rather see a few million Russians starve and a few hundred thousand Jews massacred than take any chance of allowing the Soviet experiment to succeed.

In striking confirmation of this conclusion there occurs the following passage in *Soviet Russia* (July 15, 1922, p. 47): "The present attitude of the German progressive bourgeoisie reminds one almost of the attitude taken by the Jewish bourgeoisie, and especially its Zionist ideologists, headed by Dr. Pasemink, during the campaign of Denikin's White Army in South Russia in 1919. Although Denikin's men were murdering Jews wherever they found them, the Zionists nevertheless gave their preference to the Whites, for, although the Whites deprived them of their lives, the Reds did infinitely worse than that—they robbed them of their capital."

Omaha, Nebraska, April 12 H. GIFFORD

What Did the Railroads Do in the Great War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot quite understand your advocacy of government ownership of railroads. The record our government has made through its sole control during the war has, to my mind, been disastrous. And even the supervisory control which is now exercised by the government has been anything but an unmixed blessing.

Am I not permitted to doubt that either in this country or in England the best results would ever be achieved through government ownership?

New York, April 2 A. HECKSCHER

[Opinions differ greatly as to the war record of the railroads; there are those of high authority who declare that the railroads were collapsing when the Government took them over and that the record made under government operation was entirely creditable, considering conditions.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Too Late! Too Late!

(*By Telegraph*)

1923 APR 28 PM 5 30

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20 VESEY ST NEW YORK NY
I WARN YOU AGAINST PUBLISHING ARTICLE ENTITLED "ARKANSAS A NATIVE PROLETARIAT" BY C L EDSON I NEVER READ A MORE WANTON VILE AND FALSE SLANDER OF A HIGHLY CIVILIZED PATRIOTIC PEOPLE IT IS UTTERLY INDEFENSIBLE BEHIND WHICH MUST LURK A SINISTER MOTIVE
J L WADLEY EDITOR TEXARKANIAN.

Humpty-Dumpty

By J. CORSON MILLER

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
While the chiefs of the world marched in;
He saw their swords, and he heard their words,
Like a circus-patterned din.
He clapped his hands in mock delight,
But his face was black as sin.

Humpty-Dumpty spoke from the wall,
While the chiefs of the world looked on;
He called them the puppet-fools of Mars—
The scrubbers of blood at dawn.
He swore by the tail of Balaam's ass,
They were fit to be spat upon.

Humpty-Dumpty shook on the wall,
With Rabelaisian mirth;
He split his buttons—two—three—four—
As laughter swelled his girth.
He rolled and rocked and held his sides
Before the chiefs of earth.

Humpty-Dumpty fell from the wall,
Straight down on his funny head;
'Twas when the chiefs of the world cried "Peace!"
That his sense of balance fled.
There are chiefs of the world in every age,
But Humpty-Dumpty's dead.

Books

Blurred Outline

Faint Perfume. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

THE gifted Dorothy Richardson has much to answer for in the literature of the period. Writers as various as May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, Ben Hecht, Evelyn Scott, and now Zona Gale, have been infected by her shimmer and loose fluidity, the tonelessness and lack of articulation in her prose, its bright yet faint preciosity, the substitution of innuendo for statement in her narrative method. Call it a cheap criticism or not; the fact remains that this technique has a certain ease. To have written fiction at all is to have been tempted by it. You get to a spot where your material is stubborn or thin, especially thin. It won't "jell." The creative act doesn't rise from your consciousness. But you can always draw from your characters these little streams of perceptiveness; you can delicately and mystically hint around at situations which you haven't, just then, the power of flinging forth into the world. The Richardson manner seems to imply: These things are too high, subtle, and intricate for ordinary projection in art. The truth is that your power has flagged and you are using, self-deluded and honest doubtless, an evasion of the business on which you are bent.

Such are the reasons for the clear inferiority of "Faint Perfume" to "Miss Lulu Bett." The Deacon family stood out magnificently in the sunlight, casting their black and well-edged shadows on the earth. The Crumbs have not been wholly separated from the nebulous; one gropes for them, pieces out what one is told, seeks by a slightly painful effort to hold definitely fast what is evidently so well worth holding and remembering. A lady who, being stout, is said to "dip her

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glance to her own excessive endowments" somehow loses the tissue that nature has provided her and withdraws into that land of psychological wraiths where people neither eat nor trade nor kiss nor run but merely whet their insight upon the processes that have these names.

I do not mean that "Faint Perfume" is without perspicacity or power. Far from it. But the perspicacity is blunted and the power broken by sinuousness, indirectness, tinge for color, blur for dimension. The story in itself is beautiful and significant; it is profound too; it has episodes, like the brief half-legendary one concerning "Lover" Strong, that cleave deep; it has a moment—the moment before the last—of high, terse drama; it has a direction and asks an ultimate question of the last importance: "Who of us has yet seen for a moment the reality of love?" It has so much to give and gives it so parsimoniously.

One does, though it costs an effort, remember Leda, delicate and scrupulous soul, against the clatter and jangle of the Crumbs—the roaring Gideonite, the wife, the mother. One remembers, too, the grandfather with his pathetic perceptions of the quality of the clatter about him. One doesn't quite lay hold of Barnaby Powers; one does of Richmiel, a Crumb by birth, with her callousness sheathed in sentimentality, her relentless spiritual stupidity. What one remembers most clearly, —perhaps it was Miss Gale's intention that one should—is the book's theme: amid a moral, noisy, trivial world arises love. This love is not the love of the lyrists so much as the love of the philosophers—love whose other names are peace, harmony, completion. It can be content with little despite the exceeding greatness of its need. It seeks, strange but necessary remark to be forced to make, quality rather than quantity. It wants rightness rather than possessiveness; it would rather touch the hand of the immortally chosen than beget children with haphazard beauty. This theme of Miss Gale's story has been misunderstood by the reviewers; it has even been mildly jeered at. Yet it is as vital and profound a human experience as any. Its pinchbeck imitation by facile novelists who see Dante and Beatrice in every half-back and flapper should deceive no one. Dante and Beatrice are symbols of a human experience as real as the rocks. It is a pity that Miss Gale has not given her embodiment of this experience as much breadth and richness as she has given it glint and evanescent aroma.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A Tour in a Mad World

West and East. By Clare Sheridan. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

TO have talked, within the space of six months, with Kipling at his Sussex home, with Rory O'Connor besieged in the Four Courts, with Michael Collins on the train from Dublin to Cork, with Litvinov at Berlin, with Chicherin at Danzig, with Branting and Nansen at Geneva, with Kemal at Smyrna, with Franklin Bouillon at Mudania, with Prince Abdul Medjid, the Turkish heir apparent, at Constantinople, with King Boris and his Prime Minister at Sofia, and with Mussolini at Lausanne as well as Rome—that is a record of achievement to make the ordinary interviewer's mouth water. When you add to this opportunities of observing at first hand the social conditions of Berlin and the Rhineland and the political confusion of the Danzig Free State, of being present at League of Nations meetings at Geneva, and the Mudania and Lausanne conferences, and of assisting in the embarkation of refugees at Smyrna after the fire, you are not surprised at finding Mrs. Sheridan declare that her last year's European tour gave her the time of her life.

Mrs. Sheridan confesses herself a novice in journalism, but her chronicle of her experiences would do credit to a veteran practitioner of the art. Her commission from the New York *World* instructed her to write especially about "women and children, nationalism, and the evolution of the new generation," and it is this side of her story that the reader will find most enlightening. This is a really live book. Much of it was evidently written in hot blood, and it is none the worse for that. The author makes no attempt to conceal either her indignation or her sympathy, and the play she gives to human feelings of anger and pity in no way detracts from the value of her report, but rather deepens its impression.

One of the most notable features of the book is its graphic character-drawing. Mrs. Sheridan is at her best in her brilliant analysis of Mussolini, whose magnificent Napoleonic poses failed in this case to produce their intended effect. She sums up by pronouncing him "a striking example of force and feebleness," who can be completely controlled by those around him. He is a shrewd opportunist, and realizes how easily public opinion is won. Mussolini, "the dramatic tenor without a voice," suggested to Mrs. Sheridan a striking contrast with Lenin and Kemal, "who were so impressive by their cold, calm simplicity, their genuine modesty." Fascism, she thinks, is a fashion, not an institution. She believes that, if it were to succeed internationally, it would turn the whole world into the conditions of Mexico and Ireland, where every young man, instead of thinking of work, says: "Give me a gun." In the Ku Klux Klan, by the way, she recognizes a species of Fascism that is capable of spreading.

The most poignant chapter is that on Smyrna. The ghastly picture Mrs. Sheridan here draws of the scene when the refugees were struggling to get through the half-opened gate on the quayside is one to haunt the memory. The horror of the suffering she witnessed there roused in her a flame of passion against the callous game of irresponsible statesmanship. "I saw in these refugees," she tells us, "not the victims of the Turks, but of the Allied political situation. I had visions of Mr. Lloyd George leaning over a map on a big table in a comfortable conference chamber, and pencil in hand deciding that Smyrna should be handed over to the Greeks." Elsewhere she protests against the way in which governments, statesmen, generals, and diplomats have played with frontiers and towns, with human souls and lives, and with the spirit of each nationalism, as though they were playing a game of chess.

And the net result of her tour is a conviction that the world is mad. It has left her disillusioned and apprehensive. Never again will she talk about the soul, the spirit, idealism, civilization, or democracy; socialism, proletariat, or the will of the majority; the right of equality, the sanctity of freedom, or the self-determination of nations. All these words are now meaningless to her. "There is but one word," she insists, "and America could impose it as a reality, that would lift the burden from a broken people. As her condition for helping us, the United States could fill one word with meaning, the only word that counts—Disarmament."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Soviet Leaders

The Mirrors of Moscow. By Louise Bryant. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

MISS BRYANT'S book, without being deeply significant, is very useful because it gives an authentic picture of Soviet Russia and visualizes and humanizes for us the men whom most Americans now see as either monsters of cruelty and lust or as gods of enlightenment and prophets of a new Paradise. The book is journalism at its best and something more. These portraits of the leaders in the Soviet Government have the stamp of that strict truthfulness which, joined with a generous and friendly sympathy, is the best basis for biography. Miss Bryant knows her Moscow and her Bolshevists intimately, yet she is never a blind partisan, and she shows us these Russians as individuals, not merely as leaders of a political movement.

Here we have first of all Lenin, the man of ordered scientific mind, the strong man of the Soviet. He has retreated from his

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first political theory to a modified capitalism, not because he has "repented" or because he is weak but because he had the political acumen to save the most of the situation by retiring to as strategic a position as possible. The portrait of Lenin does not arouse our sympathy—he is too superhuman in his Buddha-like calm, his aristocratic composure. Miss Bryant takes particular pains to tell us that "he is extraordinarily human and good natured," but even her anecdote of his procuring silk stockings for the great ballerina Gellser because he realized they were necessary to her art does not warm us toward him. She removes Lenin from a legendary status, she awakens our admiration, but she cannot make us like him.

Trotzky, on the other hand, though a much less admirable person, one likes at once. He is a dramatic figure, an originator, and it is easy to understand why his organizing genius and his passion for order and discipline find their best outlet in the army. Trotzky is probably the most Americanized of the Soviet leaders, he is impatient with Russia's slow-moving ways, with the Russian indifference to sanitation and efficiency, and he has an un-Russian capacity for friendships. Indeed he is a man of such vivid personal leadership that in his military academy at Moscow, we are told, are foreigners from every nation but America, who, whatever their point of view on Communism, are ready to follow Trotzky to their graves.

Probably the most entertaining chapters in the book are the ones on Enver Pasha, Madame Kollontai, and Chicherin. From the Russian point of view Enver Pasha is only significant as having been "the *avant-coureur* of the new understanding between Russia and the Mohammedan world." But Enver dropping into Moscow literally from heaven during the blockade, after outwitting the British secret service in a Riga jail, Enver the social lion of the day, pursued yet coldly scorning the attentions of the Moscow ladies, must certainly have added a romantic glamor to the average drabness of the revolution. "The Mirrors of Moscow" does much to dissipate the general gray impression of a bolshevist regime. Here for color also we have Mme. Kollontai. Pretty, vivacious, careful of her appearance, emotional, inconsistent, she is nevertheless the "only articulate voice of the new order for women" in Russia. And if anyone thinks that bolshevism over-systematizes, dehumanizes life, let him read Miss Bryant's description of the Soviet Foreign Office under Chicherin. Strange, shy, gentle, intelligent, and puritanical aristocrat, there we see him working every night and all night in an office of unutterable confusion, searching in agony for a misplaced telegram which is always eventually found in the chaos of his desk, hidden perhaps in midwinter under his last summer's hat and the accumulated papers and dust of months.

Miss Bryant is fairly scattered and informal in her method, yet her mirrors do more than reflect the portraits of individuals, and the general picture of Russia today does somehow emerge, the picture built from such opposite component parts as the old Russia of the orthodox church, the new Russia of the peasants who, with their inchoate strength and their slow-moving unconscious pressure for property rights, today hold the balance of power, and the Russia of the Government with its Soviet developments of the Cheka, the Ministry of Education, and the various Soviet executive committees. Here, too, we see the great paradox of Russian civilization—Russian force as against Russian culture. The appalling quality of Russian law and order was symbolized to Miss Bryant by a doctor of her acquaintance. This doctor had a habit of killing flies. He would first deftly capture the fly alive and then solemnly behead it with his penknife. When Miss Bryant protested he replied, "So, you do not believe in killing. Well, nevertheless, we are all forced to kill. . . . I simply execute flies in a sanitary way—I am a true symbol of civilization." But to Miss Bryant's mind he is no more the symbol of Russian civilization today than such men as Lunacharski and Stanislavski who have preserved the culture and art of old Russia for the Soviet Republic. Lunacharski, "the great gentleman of the revolution," the Communist but always the artist, "has demonstrated to the world that the Russians are not barbarians," and through him and his work for education and art the Soviets have given an "indisputable evidence of their faith in civilization."

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

A Clerke Ther Was

Books in Black or Red. By Edmund Lester Pearson. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

AMONG the pilgrims who set off for Canterbury one memorable April day was a certain scholar of Oxford. It stands recorded of him that he preferred to possess "twenty bookes clad in blak or redde" rather than gold and precious stones. A kindred spirit, Mr. Pearson of the New York Public Library, speaks to us in the volume under review. Of course fashions in book-lovers have changed somewhat in the last 550 years or so. Chaucer was kept so busy arguing with his scribe that he never did find time to keep up with the latest in dime novels. The Oxford clerk waxed eloquent over Boethius and Della Colonna, no doubt, rather than over Lewis Carroll. If he ever perpetrated a literary hoax he did not immediately send a letter to the *Sun* reminding the editor that Homer really didn't know enough English to have been the author of the book attributed to him.

Mr. Pearson's book is dedicated to "a lot of poor birds who cannot buy rarities at hundreds of dollars apiece, but like to acquire books at seventy-five cents or a dollar or three." He is wittily contemptuous of the—poor fish, shall we say?—who buy books "in the original cloth, uncut," and leave them in that pristine condition. Collecting is much more delightful, as he describes it, in the second-hand shops than among dealers in rarities. Oblivious to the fields of grime and the clouds of dust about him, our hero plunges into the stacks of mid-Victorian and early-Georgian literature, to emerge triumphant, perhaps, with the first part of "Sylvie and Bruno." Then comes the joy of battling with the bookseller, making believe that the volume is not of the slightest value or interest. At last the treasure is brought home, to be conned with delight.

Nor is his own delight the only result. Mr. Pearson studied the old almanacs to such advantage that finally he was able to write one of his own, which many reviewers considered and wrote about as an eighteenth-century production. The chapters in his book which describe his own hoax and various other literary fakes and swindles are thoroughly amusing and informing. Since the author believes that all radicals of whatsoever sort are such because of a chronic bilious condition, it is too bad that he wrote before the hue and cry after "The Waste Land" began. He could have proved so delightfully that the poem, if it isn't a hoax, really ought to be one. Like many other charming writers about books, Mr. Pearson is a man of many prejudices and not unlimited critical breadth. It is a cardinal point in his credo that the Cary sisters, who were the librarians in the small New England town where he lived as a boy, had better literary tastes than the owners of the Purple Pagan bookshop in Greenwich Village. Miss Cary, he says, introduced him to Machen's "The Three Imposters" twenty-five years ago. If she did she was a paragon among the librarians of her time. Certain it is that there has been no real demand for Arthur Machen's books until our own day, when it is a demand largely stimulated by intelligent booksellers, some of them of the Purple Pagan variety. As a class, the people who handle literary wares at retail today are much more in sympathy with the goods they sell than their predecessors of the last generation.

People to whom books are living beings will like Mr. Pearson's volume. They will enjoy the illustrations in words and pictures and the delightful humor that runs through it. Of

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course, if they are hypercritical, they may find faults. They may ask why no index was provided, for example. The author would reply that a miscellaneous sheaf of papers, largely gathered from various periodicals, needs none. After his own exposition, however, of how pleasant an index can be, his readers will accept no such excuse. LEO MARKUN

Training "Crew-Mindedness"

Joining in Public Discussion: A Study of Effective Speech-making for Members of Labor Unions, Conferences, Forums, and Other Discussion Groups. By Alfred Dwight Sheffield. The Workers' Bookshelf. Volume I. George H. Doran Company. Cloth bound, $1.25; paper bound, 50 cents.

SCENE: a classroom in a Boston public school. Time: evening. Seated at the desks of the school children are men and women of the labor movement; standing in the place of the regular high-school teacher is Mr. Sheffield. It is one of the classes of the Boston Trade Union College: a class in Practice in Discussion. The classroom has become a miniature trade-union meeting, but with a significant difference. One after another the trade unionists are throwing themselves eagerly into the discussion, but here each is striving not to get the better of the others, but to contribute his share to the sum total of ideas on the question. The teacher, giving advice about control over voice and bearing and how to make the speeches more effective, is also training the habit of collective thinking rather than antagonistic debate. One of the older students, Mr. Michael Murphy of the Stablemen's Union, catches the drift of this new method and says with a wink: "I see the professor wants to bring the dove of peace into trade-union disputes. I suppose he'll be known as the man who put the squab in squabble."

Four years' practice of this method with labor groups, on top of many years' previous experience with college classes, has been embodied by Mr. Sheffield in a textbook which gives us something entirely new. "Joining in Public Discussion" conceives of public speaking as a process of collaboration, of "concerted" thinking, the aim of which is not for the individual to display his powers as an antagonist and win a majority, but for the group as a whole to reach what Mr. Sheffield calls a "consensus." One chapter, entitled How to Secure Thought Organization in Committee, contains advice we should like to recommend to certain members of committees we have had to sit on. Diagrams and charts serve to make many points clear, and a final chapter, simplifying parliamentary proceeding, is one which most of us need at hand for reference.

The book has been especially designed "for members of labor unions." In place of the usual stale subjects for debate the instances cited are all live issues: the closed shop, the nationalization of mines, company unions, etc. The main contention of the book, the need of group-thinking in place of solo-thinking, is one of fundamental importance to the labor movement. If labor wants to meet capital on even terms, in legislatures, in public hearings, and in private conferences, the representatives of the employees must be prepared to cope with the ablest lawyers whom the employers can hire; but if the rank and file of the labor movement want to see their point of view fairly represented they must not depend on hired lawyers or even on their own leaders. Trade unionists who have too long sat silent at the meetings of their unions or have found themselves tongue-tied when sent as delegates to central labor bodies may by this book be prepared to take an active part in discussion.

It is singularly appropriate that this book should be the first volume in the series which the Workers' Education Bureau of America is publishing, The Workers' Bookshelf. "Why a Workers' Bookshelf? Even if our old colleges do not meet the needs of the working-class, surely the regular college textbooks may be used by the workers. There is Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, for example. What need is there of this workers' five-inch shelf?" To these questions there are many answers. Apart from the price there are other important considerations. The labor movement in this country has long felt that the existing textbooks in economics failed to interpret labor's efforts and activities accurately and the American Federation of Labor has often expressed the need for "preparing and publishing textbooks appropriate for classes of workers." Similarly, the history of politics, the history of social conditions, the history of literature might all be profitably reconsidered from the point of view of the masses of wage-earners. Even an art which at first seems purely technical, like public speaking, needs a fresh treatment for the use of labor groups. How much the mere textbooks in this Workers' Bookshelf may contribute to the philosophy of the labor movement has already been illustrated by this initial volume. H. W. L. DANA

Near-Journalistic History

The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1897-1909. By James Ford Rhodes. The Macmillan Company. $4.

MR. RHODES'S latest volume brings his history of the United States since 1850 down to comparatively recent times. It illustrates well the danger of writing the chronicles of a period that one has himself lived through. It is, like all his writing, easy and delightful reading, but it smacks neither of the diligent research nor of the shrewd, penetrating judgments which made the fame of his first volumes so far-reaching and so secure. This is the product of the pen of a man of years, of calm and kindly observation, at ease with the world, and not willing, even when critical, to be searching or censorious. So the picture we get is none too rich and full, with the background of men and events often but lightly sketched—all in a rather chatty, almost conversational manner. It is, moreover, far more of a study of Mark Hanna, McKinley, and Roosevelt than a thorough study of their times and the deep, underlying currents. Then Mr. Rhodes is in a difficult position because of his relationship to Mr. Hanna, of which this volume is to a considerable degree a laudation. Even to those who are close students of the period under consideration the amount of space and attention bestowed upon Mr. Hanna must come as a surprise. It would be amazing if other historians of this period should allow Mr. Hanna to bulk as largely in their pages. It is also an interesting departure from the impersonal historian of his earlier days to find the personal pronoun creeping into Mr. Rhodes's narrative.

The result is that we have almost a journalistic picture, with interesting material for others to work over, a delightful record of the views of a scholar and gentleman, but not deep-plowing history. Take the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. To it Mr. Rhodes devotes four scant pages, but mentions only in a footnote the fact that the United States sent an army into China. Not one word of the atrocious conduct of the Allied troops (Americans considerably excepted) is to be found in these pages; nor many of the sidelights without which the picture of that intervention cannot be complete. Later in discussing the intervention in Santo Domingo, Mr. Rhodes seems content to accept the version of Roosevelt without adequate consideration of the other side of the case and certainly without giving the viewpoint of the Santo Domingans.

As to the leading characters of whom he writes, Mr. Rhodes deals gently with them. He confirms the truth that the Spanish War was needless. Up to the thirty-first of March, 1898, he points out, McKinley's conduct of affairs was faultless. But the President of whom Mr. Roosevelt, as Mr. Rhodes reminds us, said that he had "no more backbone than a chocolate eclair," went over to the war party—and collapsed. "McKinley feared a rupture in his own party and on account of that fear had not the nerve and power to resist the pressure for war." Mr. Rhodes adds, with his usual admiration for Mark Hanna, that if he had been President "there would have been no war with

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Spain." That we can well believe; but so great is Mr. Rhodes's admiration for his relative that one cannot help wondering if his view would have been the same had Hanna favored the war. Our historian only mildly brings out the perfunctory way in which Mr. McKinley set forth in his message to the war-excited Congress that Spain the night before had yielded to our demands and offered to end hostilities in Cuba for six months. Congress hardly took it in. The country never realized it. So a wickedly needless war was begun, the first effects of which were to condemn to death by our naval blockade thousands of the very people we were supposed to be crusading to help—the starving Cubans. Thus are men murdered by politicians with or without backbones like chocolate eclairs, but with the power to make war when they fear a personal disadvantage or a party split.

It is an interesting example of the sketchiness of this work that it contains no reference to the Sampson-Schley controversy over the naval battle of Santiago. As to the Philippine adventure, here Mr. Rhodes again establishes the truth that after McKinley had pledged our national faith by saying that "forcible annexation . . . cannot be thought of; that, under our code of morality, would be criminal aggression," he did consent to that forcible aggression when we took the Philippines without their consent. The blood of many thousands of Filipino and American dead rests upon McKinley's head.

But the great weakness of this history is that it accepts the existing economic order as hardly worth treatment, that it skims the surface of the labor problems, and contains no independent judgments upon the labor and economic happenings of the times. The name of Samuel Gompers appears but once, merely incidentally; that of Eugene Debs not at all. While we have the admission that Hanna was the last of an era that was passing away and that Roosevelt's attempts at regulation of wealth in business and of combinations in restraint of trade were necessary and inevitable, we get nowhere a real evaluation of the futility of most of the cures attempted, as for instance in the "control" of Standard Oil. Along these lines the advocates of writing history from the purely economic point of view have in this book an interesting exhibit of how the economic is usually subordinated to the personal and the political. Mr. Rhodes's volume leaves the field open to all aspiring writers. In no direction is it the last word.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Art

Vincent Van Gogh

MEIER-GRAEFE'S study of Vincent Van Gogh* is a unique achievement in the literature of biography. With an art that is of the rarest quality he has created out of the stuff of Van Gogh's letters to his friends and to his brother a living being who must now go on living so long as literature will be read. The nature of the man, so strangely composite, may compel our questionings and stir us to wonder and speculation, but the living fact of the man will abide for all time in this prose that is at once fulfilled of revealing thought and delightful in musical expression, both in the original German and in this masterly translation by John Holroyd Reece.

The heart of Van Gogh was that of a child's, and it never grew old. It was born to love, and it kept on loving, despite the bludgeonings of circumstance, to its last beat. The soul of Van Gogh sprang direct from the very fountain source of life, and it kept its pristine purity and power untainted and unrestrained throughout the thirty-seven years it expressed itself in the body of Van Gogh. It came and passed away, and its manifestation remains to bear striking witness to the innate goodness of the life force which animates us all. For in every form in which it energized the man Van Gogh—whether as missionary among the miners of La Borinage, or as art salesman in London, or as kind and helpful companion of the prostitute Sien, or as struggling artist, or as the friend of Gauguin, or as the devoted spirit-brother of Theo—that life force was always beneficent in its motive, always kindly in intention, always charged and impelled by love.

The son of a Dutch clergyman, Van Gogh stepped into the world and thought it a Garden of Eden. Scarce had he begun to deal with it as such, when he found it to be an arena in which his Christ-like nature was lacerated by wild beasts who misunderstood him. He sought to change their hearts with prayers from his Bible and with affirmations from his creed and his faith in God, but they laughed at him for a crazy fool. He permitted himself to be persuaded to take up the life of respectability as an art salesman for Goupil's in London, but he was an alien to conventions, and so he was compelled to exile himself from that world of shams and make-believe. He became a missionary preacher to the miners of La Borinage, but he was stopped in his ministrations because it was thought he was too familiar with the poor and degraded, and his intimacy with them might breed contempt. He then took his own way and lived with the potato eaters, eating the crusts of beggary and even sharing his clothes with them, hoping thus to relieve and comfort them; but he could find no abiding place in their midst. Then, helped and encouraged by his great-hearted brother, Theo, he began his apprenticeship to art, in the hope that he might thus fulfil himself.

But Van Gogh was no artist. It was only by his utter devotion to the work that he finally achieved what he did as a painter, obtaining a mastery over technique which enabled him to be as sincere in his painting as he had been sincere in his preaching. His art is not the product of the creative imagination, it is the naive language of one in whom sincerity is a passion, and in whom the feeling of oneness with the object is so intense that, given the power of expression in a medium, it must, at all costs, seek to express that object with the utmost fidelity. Art, thus, was but another form through which the loving nature of Van Gogh could spend itself, as it had spent itself in his preaching, in his teaching, and in his friendships. Love never transfigured the world for Van Gogh. It made him see its truth not as beauty but as goodness, and goodness for him meant giving himself. This was the spring of his conduct of life. It was because of this that he gave himself to the miners, to the prostitute, to Gauguin, to the artists of Paris with whom he companioned for a brief space of time. It was because of this also that he was misunderstood, despised, and rejected by the world; for Van Gogh's love could not be restrained without breaking his heart. The heart broke, and with it broke the mind also. Gauguin's implacable will gave it the blow which cracked it, and the world of Arles did the rest. He became mad. In the first fit of madness he cut off an ear and sent it as a present to the little prostitute who had laughingly expressed a wish to have it. He lived for years in an asylum, pitied and tolerated and always misunderstood, a patient sufferer from denied love. During a respite of sanity he was brought by his brother to live near him under the care of a physician. But the physician, unwittingly, brought on the final fit, and Van Gogh put an end to his life with a bullet.

Van Gogh was born out of his time. He belonged to an age of faith, to an age of innocence which knows no mediator between the human and the divine spirit, to an Arcadian time when men shall be as gods and gods as men. In such an age he could have lived joyously; as it was he lived and died tragically. To his brother, Theo, Van Gogh's pictures were "warm embraces," and he comforted Vincent on his death-bed with the words: "When your heart shall cease to beat within your bosom, it will throb in your pictures." It may be so, but if not, it will surely never cease to throb in this book.

TEMPLE SCOTT

* *Vincent Van Gogh. A Biographical Study.* By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by John Holroyd Reece. With one hundred and two illustrations after the works of the artist. Two volumes. The Medici Society, $16.

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Drama

The Theater Guild's New Home Assured

AS we go to press it appears that the Theater Guild's campaign to raise $500,000 by popular subscription for a home of its own has been more than successful. That was to have been expected. At least, *The Nation* felt certain that New York would rally to the support of an organization which deserves so well. But the encouraging thing is that this campaign for $500,000 went through upon an absolutely democratic basis. We have no doubt whatever that if the managers of the Guild had wished to raise this sum by subscriptions from a few rich men they could easily have done so, for the bonds offered are a good business investment; even if the Guild should fail, the steadily increasing demand for theaters in New York would insure the sale or the renting of the building.

This democratic note has been one of the most encouraging things about the whole Theater Guild undertaking. A decade ago we witnessed the opening in New York, with a great flare of trumpets, of the New Theater, which was heralded as certain to be *the* national theater, one that would set a standard not only for America, but all the world. The whole thing came from above; that is, it was an enterprise of public-spirited and well-meaning people of great wealth who wished to bestow a theater upon the country which would be to the stage what the Metropolitan Opera House has become for opera the world over. But the projectors made fatal mistakes. They built not an American structure, but the kind of a florid opera house which one finds in every small German principality, usually built in the eighteenth century. The boxes were to be as much prized by the very rich as those of the Metropolitan, but the result was a dismal failure from every point of view, and the loss of millions. The stock is now listed by inheritance-tax appraisers as worthless. The trouble was that they neglected all the vital things that really go to make a great theater, even when the best of advice was given to them.

The Theater Guild, on the other hand, began to build from the bottom up. Instead of seeking a lot of money and a fine new home in advance, its projectors, a few actors and a capitalist or two, hit upon the simple expedient of insuring in large degree the financial side of the venture by selling annually a certain number of tickets in advance for all the performances. What their artistic achievements have been has repeatedly been set forth in these columns. The Guild has done amazing things, not only in the variety and the artistry of its productions, but in the effect its theater has had upon the commercial theater. Their financial success has been notable because they have not sought to make money and have, therefore, not stooped to win their way. They have put back into the business what has actually been earned by their successes, and it has been correctly said that their greatest financial failures have been among their greatest artistic successes.

But the next step has been plain for some time. The Garrick Theater is much too small both from the point of view of audience and of players. The Guild needs a theater with all the latest theatrical devices and stage innovations, with plenty of room for a training-school, for clubrooms, etc. But more important than that, the possession of a home of its own ought to enable the Theater Guild to do even better work than it has, and to lay the foundations for what should be a great stock company. For there remains no better schooling for actors than the theater if the theater can offer a variety of parts. The American stage sank when the old stock companies disappeared, and the era of two- and three-year runs set in. Plays like "Lightnin'" and "Rip Van Winkle" make the fortunes of a Frank Bacon or a Joseph Jefferson, but they are death to the artistic development of those who hit upon these theatrical gold mines. The Theater Guild should continue its work of placing companies in other theaters in New York and on the road after their successes in their own theater; but there must be a home to which the players will return for new parts and in which the emphasis is placed entirely upon the advancement of the individual and of the stage, the encouragement of the modern playwright, whatever his nationality, and the production of such plays as "Back to Methuselah" and "King Lear," from which no financial profit is to be expected.

It is time that the Theater Guild found imitators in other cities; the readers of *The Nation* throughout the country will, we hope, direct attention in their respective communities to its success. But they must not fail to point out also that this remarkable enterprise has succeeded because of the entire subordination of the profit motive, the democratic spirit of the organization, the determination to build from below, and the devotion to art of all concerned. No more hopeful experiment has been seen in the theatrical world since the disappearance of the old stock companies.

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International Relations Section

Moscow and the Priests

THE numerous protests against the sentences upon the Catholic clergymen, Butchkavich and Zepliak, in Moscow, drew forth the following official reply printed as an unsigned article in the Moscow *Izvestia* of March 30:

The conviction of the Catholic clergymen for their counter-revolutionary activities has stirred the reactionary circles of the bourgeois states. . . . From the very beginning of the Zepliak case and particularly since the court proceedings began, the priests and black hundreds almost all over the world have become alarmed. At least the Polish Premier Sikorski admitted in his speech that ever since the arrest of Zepliak, in connection with the expropriation of church treasures, the Polish Government has been much interested in the case, following carefully all its phases and trying to intervene.

When the Zepliak case began a tumult was raised among the German Catholic Center, the Polish anti-Semites, the English conservatives. . . . Not only Catholics but also the higher clergy of other denominations felt offended by the Zepliak case and saw in it a convenient opportunity for a new attack upon Soviet Russia. In the English House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Anglican church—that same church which, in its time, mercilessly chopped off the heads of Catholics and persecuted them with the same energy with which the Catholic inquisition persecuted the Protestants and burned them at the stake—this Archbishop of Canterbury came out in the House of Lords with an interpellation on the case of Zepliak. In the name of the Cabinet Lord Curzon stammered something to the effect that the English Government would do everything possible, etc. Even in the respectable House of Commons while deliberating upon Snowden's plan of peacefully changing the bourgeois society into a socialist one, the noble representatives of the Labor Party—those who have recently dined with the King—also felt obliged to present an interpellation on the "barbaric persecution of religion" in Soviet Russia.

This shows how well the reaction can mobilize its forces. In this general outburst of sham indignation we see the expression of the great influence which the Catholic church has been able of preserve to the present day. Moreover, it is not to be wondered at. The church in general and the Catholic church in particular is at present one of the main strongholds of world reaction and bourgeois domination. . . .

It is true that in this general chorus of protests and pleas we hear other voices, voices of honest people, really humane and sometimes even sympathizing with Soviet Russia. But these persons, evidently, do not grasp the situation and they do not notice that they have become tools in the hands of the interested initiators of this world protest which is of a definitely counter-revolutionary nature and which, since it is at present impossible to deal the Soviet Republic a material blow, seeks to deal it a moral blow. . . .

In this chorus of scorn against the Soviet Republic there is sharply distinguished the shrill tenor of Sikorski, the president of the Polish Cabinet. It is quite evident that the Polish imperialists are anxious to earn political capital on the Zepliak case. Whether it is because they want to screen the adventures which they contemplate on their frontiers, or because they want to mobilize the public opinion of Poland against hated Soviet Russia, the noise raised by the Polish black-hundred press and statesmen passes all limits. The angry Polish Jupiter has involuntarily shown his ears, and the confessions of M. Sikorski only confirm our suspicion that in the persons of the Polish bishops and priests on trial we are dealing with an agency of foreign states hostile to our republic.

Sikorski admits that the Polish Government was the one to initiate the general tumult raised over the Zepliak case. Taking advantage of this noise and, probably, initiated for this purpose, the Polish Government pretends to establish a protectorate over the Poles and Catholics living in the territory of the Soviet Federation. By a sort of coup the Polish imperialists want to assume rights which they would not have gained even in the case of a successful war. Sikorski explains his preposterous claims by the fact that there are two million Poles living in Soviet Russia. Whether these two million Poles recognize the Warsaw Government as their representative is a secret—but Sikorski, at any rate, speaks in their name. . . . Even if we admit that there are two million Poles (the majority of whom, by the way, hate Sikorski and his government) living on Soviet territory, how many citizens of Russian extraction live on the territory of the Polish republic? We calculate that there are about ten million of them, i.e., a full third of the population of Sikorski's republic, while two million Poles in the Soviet Federation would constitute little over 1 per cent of the population. And if we were logically to develop that idea of Sikorski's, the Soviet Government should be acknowledged the protector of these involuntary citizens of the Polish republic (the more so since the Soviet Government enjoys the sympathy of the masses of Russians, White Russians, and Ukranians which have been joined to Poland by force).

We would therefore advise Sikorski to be more careful in his pretensions. . . . Let him and his like know that the Russion people will never allow anybody to intervene in its internal affairs or claim the right of protectorate over any part of the population of Soviet territory.

Sikorski in his speech declared that the Zepliak case is not a religious but a purely political case. He is perfectly right. This is a purely political case, although not in the sense which is slyly hinted at by the Polish premier. The shining lords and labor deputies who are getting inspiration at the King's table know perfectly well that their talk of persecution against religion in the Soviet Republic is contemptible lying. They know perfectly well that Archbishop Zepliak as well as the clergymen of other denominations (orthodox, Jewish, etc.) who have been arraigned in court were subjected to this not because of their religious beliefs, which no one in Russia cares about, but for definite political acts, for resisting the decrees of the Government, for violating the laws of the state, etc.

As servants of a religious cult the clergy enjoy more freedom in Soviet Russia than anywhere else. But when the church dignitaries appear as the bearers of political reaction which they try to put through under the flag of religion, when they use their position to aid the counter-revolutionary struggle against the power of the Soviets, they have to answer for these crimes on the same basis as all other citizens. In this respect there are no privileges in the Soviet Republic.

Archbishop Zepliak and his colleagues by active counter-revolutionary work, by violating soviet laws, and resisting the decrees of the Government have deserved their fate, and the sentence was pronounced in strict accordance with the existing soviet laws. Nevertheless, the Soviet Government deemed it possible to commute the sentence for Archbishop Zepliak, not on account of the interested hypocritical cries of its enemies who seized upon this ordinary case to deal the toiling masses of the republic a new blow, but because it takes into account the feelings of the very minorities in the name of which the Sikorskis assume to speak. During the Czarist regime these minorities were subjected to religious persecutions indeed. They may be led (especially by the agitation of the enemies of the Soviet Government) to think that the case against Zepliak is, in a way, a continuation of the old policy of the Russian government. Their national religious feelings are more acute on account of

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the old persecutions. They must be particularly sensitive and inclined to false interpretations on the point of religious persecution. Taking into account the prejudices and the sensitiveness of the minority mentioned the Soviet Government decided to commute the Zepliak sentence.

Let nobody misunderstand this attitude of the Soviet Government. Let everybody know that under whatever flag active counter-revolution may try to hide, it will be dealt with harshly by the Soviet Government. And let all know that the Soviet Government will not allow any intervention in its affairs no matter under what excuse this intervention is imposed. That the attitude assumed in the British Parliament and the Polish Senate is an open attempt to intervene in our internal affairs is beyond any doubt. We should like to see the face Lord Curzon would make were our Central Executive Committee to raise the question of the really brutal murders perpetrated by the English *Kulturträger* in South Africa, India, etc. There is no doubt that both Lord Curzon and the American Secretary Hughes would look upon this as a "Moscow intrigue" and as an attempt at international communist propaganda and a preparation for world revolution. But when these gentlemen unceremoniously intervene in our internal affairs they consider it within their rights.

We shall not allow this. We shall say to them: "Hands off, sirs!"

The Charges Against the Clergy

THE Information Department of the Russian Trade Delegation at London issued on April 7 the following summary of the charges against the Catholic priests on trial in Russia:

The specific charges against the accused included a series of acts of opposition to the decrees separating the church from the state and ordering the appropriation of superfluous church treasures for the purpose of famine relief. In the case of Father Butchkavich there was the further charge of communicating with the Polish Government in 1920, at the time of active hostilities between Poland and Russia. Correspondence was read during the trial showing that large sums of money were received from Polish sources at the time when the Catholic clergy in Russia began their campaign of active opposition to Soviet legislation.

The activities which gave rise to the prosecution of the Catholic priests are therefore those for which they would have been equally liable to prosecution in any country in the world—namely, defiance of the law of the land and open and secret incitement to violence, aggravated by conspiracy with foreign authorities. The Soviet Government is not prepared to tolerate activities of this description, particularly when the offenders declare that the justification of their opposition to Russian law and government is their allegiance to a foreign religious authority. In Soviet Russia, as in all other civilized countries, priests have no legal privileges or extraterritorial rights, and if they utilize the conventional privileges which they enjoy in order to organize forcible resistance to the law of the land, their crime is all the more unpardonable.

The charges against former Patriarch Tikhon, the Metropolitan Nikander, Archbishop Arseniy, and the Secretary of the Synod, Guryev, have been published in London by the Russian Telegraph Agency. The trial has been indefinitely postponed.

Tikhon is accused of being in direct intercourse with monarchist organizations abroad, counter-revolutionary activities directed to the overthrow of the Soviet regime, resisting the decrees of the authorities, and exploiting religious beliefs and superstitions for the purpose of inciting the masses to revolt. The following are the chief heads of the accusation: messages sent by Tikhon to the clergy condemning the Soviet regime, services conducted invoking victory for the White Guards, counter-revolutionary intercourse with the clergy of the areas occupied by the White Army, as well as with the Carlowitz conference of the monarchist clergy outside Russia, and, lastly, issuing a proclamation calling for resistance to the decree for confiscating surplus church treasures for the famine fund. The church experts have proved that Tikhon falsified the canonical laws for the purpose of creating conflicts between the Soviet authorities and the congregations. The others are accused of assisting Tikhon in carrying out his counter-revolutionary instructions by circulating his proclamations opposing the confiscation of church property.

Nexö and Nansen on Russia

AFTER spending four months in Russia, Martin Andersen Nexö, the Danish author, related his experiences in an article in *Politiken* (Copenhagen).

This was my first visit to Russia, and while I was there more than four months, this was far from long enough, for there is a vast amount of material to work with in that country. . . . I landed at the most northerly point, way up on the Murmansk coast, and journeyed slowly to Petrograd and Moscow, and from there right down to Samara. I returned home by way of Germany, and my impression is that while Russia is a patient who is convalescent after an operation, Germany is a patient who is about to undergo an operation.

As a matter of fact, Russia has undergone a process of rejuvenation. People there are filled with optimism. The Red Army resembles a crowd of joyous high-school boys. But in comparison with this, the feeling in Germany is depressed and bordering on despair. The Germans seem dead tired and view the future with dread.

A year and a half ago Russia's condition was almost zero, but now things are progressing from day to day. With regard to communism the situation is this, that while the country's foreign trade still is controlled by the Government, internal trade is divided between the state, which has 40 per cent, and the cooperative companies and private capital, which have about 30 per cent each. But let us not forget that cooperative organizations are but another expression for the state.

I have been asked, in my capacity as Communist, to explain why Russia has not succeeded in getting into trade relations with Denmark. My answer is that this is because people here at home failed to embrace the opportunity offered when Russia's only representative abroad, Litvinov, settled in Copenhagen. It is my opinion that the treatment accorded him here was scandalous. He lived for a time in Espergaerde, near me, and the summer visitors, who you would suppose belonged to the better class, daily filled his letter box with threats and insults, while at the same time many of them secretly tried to obtain concessions from him. I myself did not escape. I have in my bureau drawer a mass of threatening letters. People even bribed boys to abuse my children on the street, and a well-known lawyer took my oldest son aside one day and whispered to him: "Tomorrow they are going to shoot your father!" My boy came home deathly pale and on the point of fainting. It is easy to understand why Litvinov does not look upon Denmark with any too friendly eyes. . . .

Most of the stories about Russia coming out of Helsingfors are nothing but lies. The Danish country folk apparently consider it a sure sign of Copenhagen's utter demoralization that the merchants here are willing to do business with people who eat little children and cut off the fingers of their enemies. With the exception of Finland, I have never seen so violent an anti-Russian press campaign as goes on here.

Then there is this story about the revolution costing Russia 25,000,000 lives and the tale that the Cheka alone executed 1,375,000 persons. This is a story made out of the whole cloth.

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The Cheka is responsible for the death of no more than a couple of thousand people, if that many. The loss of life, whatever it has been, is due to Judenich, Denikin, and the other old generals, who not only destroyed the population wherever they went, but simply wiped out whole districts. Nobody will ever know just how many were killed at their command.

So far as concerns the revolution its cost has been small as compared with the French Revolution. Even the bourgeois admit this. It is the World War that exacted the greatest sacrifices, and experts are of the opinion that the loss of life directly due to the revolution and the counter-revolution is not more than 200,000. We know it to be an historic fact that it is always the counter-revolutions that are the most sanguinary.

You have heard that the landed estates have been nearly all burned down. That is another canard. I was much in the country districts, and I found these estates converted into children's homes, homes for invalids, or places where the workers can have recreation with free board during the one month's vacation granted them in the summer time.

The attitude of the peasant toward the revolution is not antagonistic. In the elections the vote is always between 60 to 80 per cent in favor of Soviet adherents. With regard to communism he is still on the fence. He wants to see what it is going to do. He knows, however, that the Government has made him a present of land worth 3,000,000,000 gold rubles, and placed at his disposal many other millions of gold rubles that the landed proprietors formerly stuck in their pockets.

And now about Lenin. To me he always appeared as a luminous personality. He is still in a convalescent condition. I heard him speak and he talks so plainly, without the least effort at embellishment, that the effect is remarkable. Trotzky also is an inexhaustible power. He and Radek are the only two leaders who have not broken down during these five years of enormous labor. . . .

The educational progress of Russia is noteworthy. I am much interested in diffusing Scandinavian literature still further among the people and have been asked by a large publishing house to secure such popular books as may suitably be translated into Russian.

The following article on the Russian situation by Fridtjof Nansen appeared in the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen:

It is important to observe how completely the people of Europe have failed to examine the Russian question from a general European economic standpoint.

Russia as a factor was entirely neglected at the signing of the Versailles Treaty. It looked as if no one had any knowledge of the 300,000 Russian prisoners still remaining in Europe. I must add that when the Supreme Council determined to follow the negative policy of "the sanitary cordon" and the blockade against Russia, the attitude of most of the European people toward the bolshevik regime, as well as the attitude of the Soviet Government and of the anti-Bolsheviks were equally to blame. We all recall how the meeting on the Principo Island stranded because of the unwillingness of the anti-Bolsheviks.

Acquainted as I was with the dire distress prevailing in Russia in the spring of 1919, especially in the larger cities, I consulted with Hoover in Paris as to what could be done to assist the Russian people. I proposed to the Supreme Council a plan that meant the sending to Russia of necessities, especially foodstuffs, in return for which Russia was to furnish such export articles as might be available. Hoover was willing to supply the necessary credit for such an enterprise. But we had to retain our liberty as to the distribution of the articles imported into Russia without any regard whatever for political exigencies.

Wilson, Lloyd George, Orlando, and Clemenceau agreed to the proposal but exacted that all hostilities in Russia should cease. After many difficulties I managed to get in touch with

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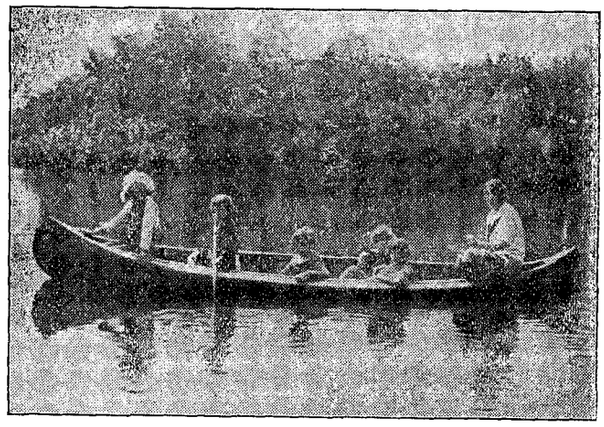

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the Soviet Government and laid before it the answer of the Supreme Council to my proposition. In a long and exhaustive telegram Chicherin replied that the Russian Government would be glad to give me a free hand in that country, but it could not accept the condition that all hostilities should cease. We should remember that at that time civil war was raging in Russia, and that the Soviet Government was fighting against Kolchak and Denikin whose armies it later annihilated. As the Supreme Council would not retreat from its position the undertaking had to be abandoned.

I am of the opinion that this was most unfortunate. I am convinced that if these negotiations had led to what we had in mind the situation in Europe today would be an entirely different one. The raising of the blockade, Russia's renewed economic relations with the outside world at a time when the country was still in possession of considerable quantities of raw materials, would have exerted an enormous influence in reestablishing a balance in European production and consumption. But both in 1919 and 1920 Russia was looked upon from the political point of view only. And interest centered chiefly in the quite powerful support given Kolchak, Denikin, Judenich, the Polish offensive, and Wrangel. Besides, Great Britain was mainly concerned with defending the Orient against bolshevik propaganda and with securing for itself a favorable position in the Baltic by siding with the Baltic group of buffer states. Germany made preparations, both politically and commercially, to secure its only chance of free development—toward the east.

The possible advantages of resuming trade relations with Russia seemed to take on fresh importance in 1921. It was then that Great Britain signed trade agreements with Germany, that the tentative agreement with Italy was arranged, that certain discussions of American cooperation were undertaken with Senators Goodrich and France. But while these negotiations had the advantage of dealing with the Russian problem from the economic as against the political standpoint, it is not to be denied that disappointment was the main result.

As matters now stand, political interest in Russia is again on the increase. In order to avoid that, the Rapallo treaty will not be allowed to lead to an intimate entente between Germany and the Soviet Government. In certain French circles there is much talk of a French-Russian rapprochement, and there is even some discussion of the renewal of the old Alliance pact. It is worthy of notice that even a country like Denmark, which has been so very cautious in its relations with Russia, is beginning to see what can be done toward reestablishing commercial relations.

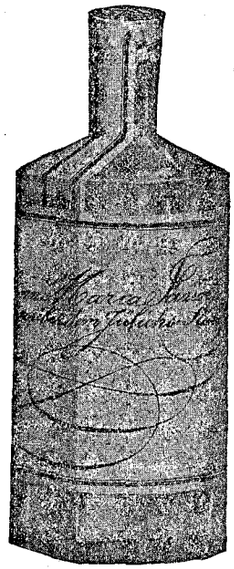
Contributors to This Issue

M. W. Royse was in the air service of the United States in the Great War and has since then been in constant touch with every phase of airship development throughout the world.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is director of publicity of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, editor of the *Crisis*, and the author of such books as "The Suppression of the Slave Trade," "The Souls of Black Folk," "John Brown," "Darkwater," and others. He is also the editor of the Atlanta University Studies of the Negro Problem.

John Haynes Holmes is the pastor of the Community Church of New York and the author of numerous books, pamphlets, and magazine articles. During a visit to Russia last summer he made a close study of religion and church conditions.

Johann Maria Farina



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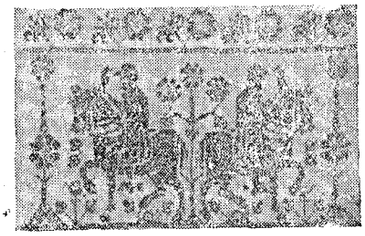

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